How I Stop Worrying About Demon Clowns and Learn How to Hatch One by Bloody Vixen

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Summary: There was an egg on your bed. Your egg. Or How I Stop Worrying About Demon Clowns and Learn How to Hatch One. A Pennywise x Reader fic.

1. Step 1: Acknowledge Egg

There was an egg on your bed.

Or How I Stop Worrying About Demon Clowns and Learn to How Hatch One.

#

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that if you say, "It can't get worst," it can and will get worst.

You could list the things that went horribly wrong that day. From the fact that your alarm farted and died, and that your phone has not charged or that your car decided to choose that day to declare it wanted an oil change.

Never mind the meeting in ten minutes. Never mind the fact that it was a million dollar contract on the line and that you can't be late. Never mind that you also have to face a sexist dinosaur, sneering at your incompetence in his cheap suit and balding head and his equally sexist but sleazier partner who thinks it's funny to ask you to make tea when you are the fucking administrator and this is some discriminatory bullshit, and you were banking on this deal to rub it into their greasy faces.

At least the client was accommodating – you can tell from the sympathetic look she gave you that she'd been there before. Didn't stop her from getting a 7% discount because you stormed into the office with a bird's nest for hair and gasping like you had to run for twenty blocks. (It was half a block but any running counts as twenty blocks for you).

You could handle that.

What you could not handle was coming home, sweating like a pig – because you skipped showering – starving because in your stress you forgot to eat to find a large, slimy alien egg pulsating grimly at the foot of your bed.

The thing, egg, thing, egg, was the size your torso, glistening with slime and seem to pulse with life. It stares at you like it belonged in you room, taking a spot on your floor, stinking the air with its sliminess.

Before the words "What the fuck?" finished in your head, your phone, the dead one that still remain dead cause you don't want to see the emails and messages from your irate boss, vibrated to life.

You realized you don't even have to do the Seven Stages of Supernatural Detective Work to know who was on the line.

"Hiya, [Y/N]! Congratulations!" Came the raspy, sing-song voice of the demonic clown you (fucked) loved.

"What the fuck, Pennywise?"

"[Y/N]! No swearing in front of the baby!"

You splutter incoherently. Cause it was an egg and it was certainly not a baby and what the fuck, *baby?*

"What the fuck? *Baby*?" you repeated, staring at the egg.

"Aw, I thought you'd be happy, sweetheart! It doesn't happen very often, but you and I made an egg together! Isn't it exciting! Normally, I'd keep eggy down here but the last time I suggested that you stay down here you said you'd *never* stay in a place that has so many diseases and I thought our baby shouldn't too! So I brought it to your place,"

Your brain acknowledged that there were words coming out of your speakerphone. Words like 'made an egg together' and 'sewers are bad for babies' and ' keep egg at your place' but your mind decided it liked the idea of ascending into the higher plane of existence where your soul scream for hours, way, way more.

Ignoring your silence, Pennywise presses on, "I know eggs isn't a human thing but don't worry, just keep it warm and safe and it'll hatch on its own. I'll come over later, got a snack here that's just waiting for me! I promise to bring you some, kiss, kiss, hug, hug, [Y/N]!"

Then your phone hum and die as you stare at the egg, your mind still in the higher plane of existence.

2. Step 2: Keep Egg Warm and Clean

When your mind crash down and gives your soul a swift kick in the rear, you immediately plug your phone into the charger, then quickly gulp down two glass of wine. Because no way would you start the night fully sober.

An alien egg. An alien egg laid by Pennywise and apparently the result of your month of filthy (albeit *amazing*) debauchery.

You can hear your mother's voice now: "Oh, [Y/N], I'm going to be a grandmother! Do you think it'll be a spider or a clown? Oh, don't tell me, I'll love them all the same!"

You let out an undignified snort; your mother would have loved you popping out babies but the gist was you'd be doing the popping and a ring, a wedding and an actual human man would be involved.

You should have known this before you start spreading your legs to a clown-spider alien demon thing.

Still, yours and Pennywise's egg baby. A warm and fuzzy feeling began pooling in your heart. A baby. *Your* baby.

"Yeah, still sober," you mutter to yourself.

Two glasses later…

You learn a few things: you have zero upper body strength, the egg, contrary to its pulsing, glowing, nature, is hella cold, and slime is very, very slimey and very, very slippery.

Also, eggy is bouncy.

Pennywise once called you a stupid drunk because you make extremely questionable decisions when alcohol coursed through your veins. Like buying a house before the market crash, finding out that the mortgage was going to ruin your financial planning, drink some more, then deciding to explore sewer tunnels wearing high-heels and then fucking a sewer-dwelling demon while completely shitfaced.

Granted, both of you agreed that last bit turned out to be great in retrospect, but Pennywise's observation still stands.

You were an incredibly stupid person when drunk.

Sober you would have realized that carrying a large egg that's the size of your torso would require extra help. Especially since it looks slippery and you don't know what sort of germs it has on its shell. Sober you would have wrapped it with a blanket and waited until Pennywise arrive to help you. In the mean time you need to find a nice, safe space for you to hide said egg.

Drunk you thinks that eggy and you need a bath because you stink, it stinks and therefore you two need to bond by not being stinky.

You crouch to the floor, dimly aware that to lift something heavy requires you to use your legs. Then you wrap your arms around eggy, only you flinch back because not only was eggy slippery, it was cold. Extremely cold.

"Cold bad!" Wise Penny's voice limp across your heavy mind.

You wail (which sounded like a dying elephant to your neighbours), and you lunge at it like a protective seal trying to save a penguin.

The next thing you knew, you found yourself being bounced back like some poor unfortunate clod straight into your bed post. You feel pain, then darkness.

And that's how Pennywise found you. Collapsed on the floor, with vomit down your shirt and an egg sized bruise on your head, as your egg offspring, despite having no eyes, judge him for breeding with someone so stupid.

3. Step 3: Quit Drinking

"So, what have we learned from this?" Pennywise eyes you unimpressively.

You clutch the ice pack to the bump on your head, you groan, "… don't drink wine on an empty stomach?"

The clown sighed, "Wrong."

"Don't drink wine on an empty stomach, even when the situation calls for it?"

"[Y/N]…"

"Ugh, fine, don't drink wine on an empty stomach *especially* when the situation calls for it!" You wince as stars dance in front of your eyes. You whine, pouting at Pennywise to please, please get rid of this horrible migraine but your lover was unmoved.

"I thought this place would be safe for our child!" he barked, placing a protective palm on the egg's shell.

"First of all, what the fuck? *An egg?* How – does – how even – how is that -?"

"Careful [Y/N], I know eggs is not a human thing but even that shouldn't reduce you into a basic bitch," he teased, wagging a finger in front of your face.

"Fuck off!" You pinch your nose from the pain, ignoring the mock horror on Pennywise's face.

"I mean! I'm *human*! Our DNA has jack shit to produce an actual reptilian –"

"Actually the closest species I am in your taxonomy is an arachnid-"

"-Fine, arachnid egg! So how the hell did I and you manage to produce one?" You snarl back, pointing angrily at the slimy usurper in your bedroom.

Pennywise open his mouth almost to explain but then he closes it, tapping his lips in thought, "To be quite honest, [Y/N], I don't know. By right, egg-child here isn't supposed to exist. Well, I can lay eggs but asexually. Never had one with someone else."

He beamed, bringing his hands together, "Which is why it's exciting! I mean, look, you and I are gonna be parents!"

He hugs the egg and gives it a loud smooch.

And you wonder why you are still lying there instead of marching to the closest hospital and demand to be put into psychiatric hold.

You breathe in, ignoring the pounding in your head.

"Penny," you started, "As…amazing as this is, I'm not ready be a parent, I- I can't do this."

And frankly, you weren't. True you were at that age where your colleagues are married with two kids and a house, but you were also at an age where your career is on tenterhooks, your personal life is a goddamn mess and you could barely take care of yourself. You have money but only for you. You are also a selfish tit who love your long sleep and disposable income. Children was something you'd dream about and was a decision you knew you won't make so lightly. What if you fuck up? What if you turn out like those parents who broke their kids and they end up in future addled with misery, all because of your actions? No child can choose their parents and you'd rather be childless until you die, then bringing a life into the world before you're ready.

A dark look cross Pennywise's face and a cold, instinctive fear shot up your spine. He gently unwraps his arm from the egg, then move towards you, his gait slow and steady, like a predator. This wasn't the loving clown who fucked you into oblivion for the past month, but that thing; the thing that haunted Derry and ate its children and mocked their fear.

And he was looking at you like you're prey.

Pennywise grins, his teeth no longer buck and small but sharp and

many.

"[Y/N], you don't get to choose," that sing-song voice spoke, "As soon as you fucked me, that choice was made."

A whine escapes your lips but before you could say anything, Pennywise jumps forward and slams both his palms against the wall behind you, startling you.

"You ungrateful mortal," he rasps, "I spared your worthless skin and granted you a boon none of your weak species deserve. From it I gave you an offspring, a divine child never before seen in this universe or others and you want to *abandon* it? Because of your human fears?" he roared.

"No, no," you sob, tears trail down your cheeks, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean-,"

He roars, silencing your words. His nose sniffs the air around you face, his eyes yellow and rimmed in enraged red.

"I ought to tear your limbs apart, slice your belly open and turn your corpse into its bed!" he continued, glaring down on your shaking body.

"N-n-n, no, *NO,* p-please Penny, I'm sorry, I was just – I'd never, I'd never abandon our child! I was just, I'm just shocked, this is, this is all new to me! I didn't mean to –" you babbled, your body trembling so hard, and your vision blurred from the tears pouring from your eyes.

Sensing your fear, his expression softens and his eyes fade into blue as he slowly embrace you. You lean into that embrace, eagerly, clutching the silks of his costume like a drowning man to a lifeboat.

"Aww, don't cry, [Y/N], I know you wouldn't. You just need some encouragement, that's all," he said, rubbing your shoulders to comfort you. You sob harder into his chest, nodding and sniffing as he shushes you like a scared baby.

Both of you sat there like that for a while, him humming and rubbing circles up and down your spine, while you shook and shudder. Your

breath hitching and hiccoughing away.

After a moment, the tears stop and Pennywise gently releases you before tilting your chin so you see him eye to eye.

"So, are you gonna be a good Mama?" he asks, tracing your jawline.

"Y-yes, Penny, I'll be a good Mama, the best! I promise!" you reply, forcing your lips to smile.

"No more drinking on an empty stomach?" he asks, pouting in seriousness.

"No more wine or beer or anything alcoholic! This Mama won't touch that poison!" you answer eagerly. What you're saying seems to please him as he gives you a light kiss on your lips and he pulls you into a tight hug.

"Good, now, I want you to see something…" And he unwraps his arms around you, then walks towards the egg, now placed on a pile of pillows and blanket beside your bed. He kneels down beside it, then waves at you to join them. You don't hesitate and nearly rolled over to get to his side. The clown chuckles as you sat down beside him. Then, he grabs your hand and slowly place it against the egg's shell.

To your surprise, the egg was warm to touch. It was still cool but not the freezing temperature you recalled earlier. You turn to Pennywise in askance but the clown merely smiles, then gestures to you to place your ear against the shell.

Slowly, you tilt your head against it, wondering what you'd hear. At first there was silence, except for howl within your ear.

"Listen," you hear Pennywise said to your other ear, "Feel…"

You hold your ear against your egg, straining for whatever it was Pennywise wanted you to hear when you heard it.

It was soft at first, like a very tired bee, struggling to fly. You press your ear harder, trying to grasp the sound and as though recognizing that it was being listened too, the hum grew louder, like a nest but it

wasn't like that it sounded like a beating heart, a human heart if it had bees in it.

Something stirred within you, it was a feeling so strong and so unexpected you nearly burst into tears again. The egg, like you, grew warmer as though it seem to soak in your emotions. Suddenly, you knew even if Pennywise hadn't threatened you, you would never, could never abandon your child. How could you even think such a thing? You thought as a wave of loathing hits you. Then, as though sensing your hatred, Pennywise squeezes your hand in comfort. The loathing ebbs away as you curl against the egg, ignoring the slime and muck dirtying your clothes.

How could you think it was ever dirty or ugly?

You felt the warmth and comfort it radiated, you felt so relaxed and contented that you didn't notice the calculated grin from Pennywise. Not even when he kisses you again and then popping off to his lair.

Your egg was all you needed, you thought, as your mind slips away and sleep claims you.

4. Intermission 1: Clever Fellows

Author's Note: Edit: Okay, I re-edited this chapter, mostly to extend the first sex scene between Pennywise. It's all in the realm of lime though, and is within 's restrictions but I feel this works a bit better than what I had originally posted.

Pennywise, as it referred to itself at the moment, liked to believe that he's quite a clever fellow.

He woke up indescribably furious. Firstly, he woke up hungrier than usual and his favourite form was still damaged. Him getting hurt by a bunch of practical amoebas beggars belief. To make matters worse, his backup snacks were all gone. Rotten and gone to the weeds. Normally, he'd left some energy to keep them fresh before his next awakening, but after the incident…well, he had to conserve whatever he had left just to survive hibernation.

Fuming still, it was then he heard you; staggering drunk and muttering nonsense about sewers and mortgages.

Well, at least he could still count of the folk of Derry being stupid.

Except you weren't just stupid, you were also fearless by drunkenness and insisted that him and the sewers were all a dream.

Then you went on an entire monologue about the evils of capitalism, a pig, a tumble and a book with a face.

For someone who barely reached his shoulders and was staggering on something, he learned later on, called 'fuck me pumps', you can be surprisingly eloquent.

Normally, Pennywise would just snap you in half and call it a day, but he was weak, and you were surprisingly dense to any of his feeble attempts to scare you. Rather than being terrified, you seem to gain even more steam, now beginning a rant about taxes and percentages.

In desperation to shut you up, he lunges towards you, mouth bared but in his weakness, he stumbles and found his lips crashing against yours.

Time froze as both of you slam to the floor, groin to groin, chest to chest, mouth to mouth. He could hear your heartbeat, beating rapidly against his non-existing one. There was a moment when he saw your eyes widen with surprise, as his lips brush against yours.

Then to his horror, you started kissing him.

And it took Pennywise less than a second to realized that he was kissing *back*.

It was obscene, both mortal and eternal rutting and grasping at each other, both of you screaming for each other, tearing apart clothes, *thrusting* and *arching* as flesh met flesh, heedless of the filth surrounding both of you. It was divine, sublime and though your flesh was untainted from fear, he could still draw the energy from you; siphoning the primal vigour from the joining of your bodies. As both of you reach your climax, Pennywise felt fresh, almost whole as though he had feasted on the most stricken of children. It used to think sex was beneath him, but for the first time he could understand *why* so many creatures would lose themselves to it.

It was because of that you were spared and found yourself at home the next day, stinking of sewage and hung over from a bender with a demon clown grinning beside you.

What happened next involved thrown objects, denial, drinks before noon, more shouting, even more drinks and sex that broke your bed, not once, not twice, but *five* times.

You were in denial for the longest of times. You had gone on a drunken fuck-spree before, but it always ended with your partner and you avoiding eye contact and breaking your promises to call again. But when the clown kept coming back, you succumb because frankly he played your flesh like he was Mozart on a harpsichord. You'd like to think that the whole arrangement was something of a fantasy, like a fever dream. Even the murders, even the children who start to float for even with his newfound love for fucking, nothing beats tasty,

tasty, beautiful fear.

One day, Pennywise woke to his belly aching, he knew instinctively and shifts into his Deadlights and screamed and screamed, as life, yours and his merged and grew and grew. The once clown roared as life grew inside him and he pushed and pushed, summoning all the power he had to get the thing *out* when an egg, round and white slid out of from him, pulsating with life.

His and yours.

He had clutches before, in a world before this universe was even made, but never like this one. Never with another. They were always It, Its own formed by the energy of the dead and terrified but this one was practically brimming with energy. Untainted by fear and filled with something, something he would have shunned out of disgust. His new offspring was off lust, yes, of primal bestial lust but there was love there. All too human and all too strong.

He shifts back and cradles his new offspring, marveling at its glow and the life, now feeble but thriving in it. In some way he could understand why some of the creatures he saw viewed their own with pride. He could feel it, could see the bits of the future to come and he practically salivated at the sight. And the best thing, with that wretched turtle gone, he knew this one would grow unhampered.

As he ponder the future, something tugged him back, not to Derry but beyond. He knew that those brats were stirring. He could sense them now, their memories returning, their fates meddled by his blasted dead brethren. Even in death it still meddled in things it ought not too. There was one still here and even as he sat, cradling the egg, he could feel the tendrils of forgetfulness slipping from Mike Hanlon's mind. Soon, he would try to reunite his old companions, reminding them of a promise made with blood and glass.

He snarls but as the egg pulse, the snarl turns into a contemplative smile.

Oh, he'd have his vengeance on those who dared to harm him, to make him feel fear. But this time, this time, he won't do it alone.

He would have to keep it safe, his lair is no longer safe. Not for one such as this. He tries to imagine your reaction, there would swearing, there would be fear, but he would make you.

You don't have a choice.

5. Step 4: Prepare for Nine Months

Keep it warm, keep it safe.

Easier said than done, of course.

"Why can't you be small? Like a chicken egg? Or just a baby sized egg?" You mutter to no one as your third attempt to keeping the egg hidden, fail.

Granted your closet was a long shot anyway; there's a reason why you have two chairs with mountains of clothes on it. Organizing an office is a cinch for you, doesn't mean your house is the same. Your house doesn't pay you to keep it neat and nice.

And your house, despite the ridiculous loan you have to pay, was probably the only house in Derry that didn't have a basement – which in retrospect would be incredibly convenient at this time.

Normally, you wouldn't give two toss about keeping your egg in your room, surrounded by a pile of pillows, blankets and an electric heater, but you really don't want to have to answer to Penny if he drops by and sees eggy exposed and vulnerable.

Also, you really don't want to explain to your mother about why there's an alien egg in your house. It took you some time to get her on board the idea of buying action figures and that amazing Lego Millennium Falcon. She thinks you're in an arrested development which was why you're single and alone. Never mind that you have an amazing career (albeit that's one tenterhooks considering the disastrous meeting) and that you own your own house (which by the way, fuck the real estate market).

You pat eggy, well, at least she can't harp you about grandchildren anymore. Just probably worried that her soon-to-be grandchild is half-demon clown spider human hybrid.

Cringing, you push aside that thought and focus back on your child.

You have a lot of questions. After that scare – that goddamn asshole –

you completely forgot about asking Penny regarding the situation.

Like, when will your egg hatch? Will it look human? Will it act human?

Oh God, just imagining another mini-Pennywise running amok, devouring children and making their own floating nest in your house.

"*Mama, Mama, look! I got David this time," your child would say as they shove David's head into your arms.*

God, you wish he didn't threaten you to sobriety so soon. Nothing about this screams sober!

You stare at eggy and decided fuck it, one more glass wouldn't hurt. You'd start your dry spell tomorrow.

Except, when you reach your fridge you discover that all your wine and beer stash had disappeared and replaced with a note that read: *Don't even think about, [Y/N]. PS: I took your popcorn. :) P*

Your crush the note in your hand, one of them was a 1955 Dom Perignon, that bastard!

Slamming the fridge's door, you take out your phone and quickly shoot him a text.

'What the hell, asshole, give me back my Perignon! That shit is expensive!'

'New phone, who dis?'

'Don't even try to meme me. Give me back my drinks!'

'[Y/N], you promised not to.'

'It was made under duress, it doesn't count!'

'You're a stupid drunk, [Y/N], look at what happened!'

'I was in shock! And what kind of asshole would dump their own child on their lover with no notice and then *call* to inform their

mother? You didn't even have the courtesy to tell it to me to my face!'

'Because it's funny. lol ur face'

'DON'T 'LOL' ME. This isn't funny! How can I protect our child if you don't take it seriously?'

"But I do take this seriously," his voice said behind your ear.

Your scream and nearly decked him, but he catches your fist and grins back.

"Aw, not even a kiss?"

"F-fuck, fuck, *FUCK*, Penny!" you sputtered, pulling your fist back.

"Didn't I tell you not to swear in front of our baby?" he mock pouts.

You give him a look and he just bobs your nose, "No drinking, [Y/N]."

"You just turned my life upside down – *again* – and you're asking me to do it sober?"

"Expectant Mamas don't drink!"

"Expectant *human* Mamas, who gets pregnant and give live birth don't drink! Our child's an *egg*! That *you* laid!"

He rolls his eyes and marches toward said egg, "Whatever, [Y/N], you're not drinking!" he declared, ignoring the glare you gave him, "Besides, I smashed them all, anyway. So *nyeh*!"

"You – *what?*" 1955 Dom Perignon. Hundreds of dollars of wine and beer you were saving. *Smashed?*

You don't even remember what made you think tossing your phone at his head was a good idea, but the next thing you knew, your world spins and you find yourself pinned down on the floor with a demon clown sitting on your back.

"What the f- GET OFF ME!"

"Nope. You make a nice squishy chair, [Y/N]."

You swore, furious at being sat on like you were five when Penny chuckles then slams his palm against your ass. Not once, not twice but three times, each one harder and more painful than before. Your eyes water from the pain and your legs kick in a futile attempt to get this bloody clown off you.

"Naughty, naughty, [Y/N], don't make me spank you again," the bloody clown teases you in that sing-song voice.

In another scenario you would have found this unbelievably kinky but still, *1955 Dom Perignon*. You were saving that for when you become Head Manager!

But, [Y/N], a dark voice said, you fucked up the Mason contract, at this rate you're looking at a demotion at best, your salary's stagnating, you have a shitty mortgage to pay off, your ass hurts, your head hurts and you have a *baby/spider/demon/clown* hybrid to care for and no *1955 Dom Perignon* or even cheap wine to drown your sorrows.

You didn't even try stopping the tears of frustration coming down your face. You were tired, you don't want to think and this asshole is fucking heavy and your ass hurts and everything hurts! Oh God, you were having one of your attacks and you just start sobbing wishing that you'd just *die*.

You didn't notice Pennywise change from sitting to lying on top of you and his lips and hands were moving and caressing you and you freeze.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Making you happy," he said and his finger start to tug the hem of your jeans. It took you a second to realize what he was aiming for before you roll over and smack his hand away.

"I'm having a breakdown!"

"You're sad and fucking makes you happy. So, let's fuck."

This fucking hypocrite! After all that about swearing! "NO! Fucking doesn't make sadness go away!" you yell, rolling out from under him, tugging your jean up your waist.

"That's what she said!" he exclaims and you groan; you never should have bought him that phone and introduced him to the internet. You kick his palm away and scoot towards your egg. If he thinks he's getting laid after what had happened, he's fucking mad.

"No."

"[Y/N]…"

"Just go away, Pen!" you cry out, snatching one of eggy's blankets and wrapping them around you like a burrito. You lean forward towards your egg's comforting warmth, shutting your eyes and hoping that Pennywise would just *leave*.

You hear silk shuffling and footsteps coming closer to you and before you could yell at him, Pennywise grabs one of your foot. You snarl, reeling back to kick him in the face, damn the consequences, when he starts tickling your foot.

"Wha- what! No, stop! No, *NO,* PENNY, I'M TI-HAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAH!"

But he doesn't and just grins as he continues to tickle your foot and you laugh and laugh until your side aches before he's satisfied and drops your foot.

"See, now you're not sad." He smirked, playing with your toes.

God damn it this dork, "That's what she said," you reply, wiping the tear from your face. He grins at you, then prop his chin with his hands.

"Don't worry about work, I'll take care of it. You just concentrate on keeping our baby safe until it hatches," he said.

Well, that's ominous, "You're not going to eat them are you?"

Pennywise cocks his head aside, his grin turns into a cruel, "Do you want me to?"

Seeing the horrified look on your face, he bursts out laughing, "Ah, [Y/N], you care so much for those shits. It's cute."

You feel a headache brewing, you forget just how mercurial Pennywise could be. Though watching your asshole co-worker die facing their worst fear sounds so tempting, your feeble conscience just couldn't deal with it. (It's already fraying about the child murdering bit)

Fuck, you just can't deal today so you switch topics, "Say, Penny, when our baby hatches…um…will it be human or…" you trail off. Frankly, for all your description of Pennywise, you don't exactly understand his species. Just that he's Eternal and the closest form he is without frying your brains is a Giant Spider.

That had been one very weird weekend.

"Our child will be what it will be,"

"I need to be prepared and being vague isn't going to help."

"Like I told you, this is the first time someone like me and someone like you create something like this. I expect it might be more of me but it could also be more of you."

Christ, a Schrödinger's egg situation.

"And when will our child hatch?" you ask. Pennywise turns his eyes towards the egg, contemplative.

"Nine months," and somehow you find yourself unsurprised.

"Nine months, like a human."

"Or like me."

6. Step 5: Set Up a Barrier

It didn't take long before everything goes to shit.

The whole thing started unexpectedly, you had found a nice wooden chest to hide eggy in, one with a lock and everything. In another time you'd find the very idea of hiding your child in a treasure chest ridiculous, but you left those thoughts long ago when you started a relationship with Pennywise. Priorities, you have them. You even set up a baby monitor inside, though you'd probably hear nothing but it's good to be prepared.

It has become almost a routine, you'd wake up, check on Eggy, just let it soak your scent and warmth, go to work, check the monitor, come home and bath with Eggy (you're gonna get some muscles in your arms by the end of this) and just wait for Pennywise.

Pennywise has taken to dropping by almost every day now, many times literally. Sometimes he'd stay the night, just sitting in front of eggy, those wayward eyes focused intensely at its shell.

You had asked if he's communicating but Penny just said that it's just ensuring that it's growing correctly. You join in by pressing your palms against it, savoring the hum and heat it emanates. Often, you'd fall asleep beside it, curled up comfortably against the pulsing shell. (True you wake up with a hella stiff neck, but you don't really care).

Those times felt right and you can fool yourself into thinking that this whole was normal.

It was during one of those times, that you find yourself suddenly aroused from sleep. For a while you're disoriented, wondering why you weren't dreaming when you realized that Penny was awake.

His back was to you but you can see his shoulders rise and fall in the dim light and you can hear his breath heaving, hot and heavy.

You roll your eyes; this fucker had better not be wanking beside you.

You toe nudge him, "Go to sleep Pe-*hurk!*"

Penny was on top of you, his hand around your neck.

"*You can't hurt me, I feed on you,"* he hiss, and you could see his eyes were white, pupil-less, and your discover that Penny wasn't awake. He was having *night terrors.* Your brain could barely process that Penny, fear personified, was having night terrors. What the fuck scares him?

You don't have time to think further, as those fingers tighten around your neck and his mouth opens, teeth sharp and deadly sinking onto your head. You cry; thinking that this was how you're going to die and this is unfair you didn't even get to see your baby when suddenly a bright light burst forth.

Pennywise flies across the room and lands with a loud smack against the wall.

You hear him swearing and hissing in pain but you don't give a fuck; you were busy sending air into your lungs.

Also, your egg's glowing.

"*You fucking brats, I will tear your-* What – [Y/N] – why is our egg glowing?"

You flinch as Pennywise shakes his head and ruffles, his eyes were wide with surprise, taking in the glow. He steps forward, his lifts his hand to touch it but your egg glows brighter, as though in warning. You can see his face frown and *sadden?* Before he turns to face you.

Emotions play on his face but you didn't care for it; your neck's hurting and your face burn from the countless bite marks from your near death. You started crying and as he stepped towards you, you flinch and edge closer to your egg's protective glow.

"[Y/N]…did I?"

You both stare at each other, silent except for your sobs. Then, without warning Penny pops off, disappearing into the night.

You stay close to egg, your body trembling and it was only when the glow fades and fatigue seeps in, then you finally, finally sleep.

You take the next day off claiming sickness.

After checking out the bruise around your neck and the pin-pricks around your face, you sigh, then you find yourself furious.

You had come to accept that some part of you will always be afraid of Pennywise. He devours children and delights in tormenting them. You knew that, you grudgingly accepted it even when your conscience screamed for you to leave. You even accepted that he also delights in scaring *you*. However, you acknowledge that a lot of it is hot air, yeah he makes threats of making you float, or turn into a corpse pillow or that one time when he thought it would be funny to shift into a zombie and chase you around the house. But all of them were *hot air*; he'd never, *ever* lay his hand on you with intent to kill.

Until last night.

"Shit, *shit!"* you cried, covering your face as tears comes down your face. God, you were in over your head here. You can't exactly leave, Penny would track you down faster than you can blink, and you have family and your job. And eggy. You can't take eggy out of Derry, it's the only place on earth your child would be safe.

You're stuck, you're stuck in this place and you're stuck with him.

As though sensing your fear, you hear a soft hum and turn to see eggy glowing softly in the chest.

You sigh and walk over to caress your egg-child. As your hand touch the shell, you feel cool pinpricks crawling all over your skin as it knits and heals. You wanted to be surprised, but you weren't really. Knowing that the bruise is gone and so are the teeth marks, you lean forward towards eggy.

"Thanks, little one. At least I can trust you."

Pennywise did not fuck up, thank you very much.

Granted when he saw those bruises and those teeth marks, he felt a bit funny in the belly, but he didn't fuck up.

He was beyond such things.

But it still hung a pall over him. He didn't even try to text or visit you for the rest of the day. Not because he's feeling guilty or anything. True he might have hurt you, but he did not mean it, surely it was just a mistake and it had nothing to do with that dream about those meddling brats. He didn't feel anything when he saw you there, curling in fear, your neck bruised and your face dripping with teeth marks. He had terrified you before but never like that. No. That flip-flopped feeling was just him surprised at his nightmares.

Yes, that's it. It wasn't guilt. How ridiculous, no, no, what's more important is the recent development with his young.

His child managed to hurt him.

In another time, he would have been proud; your child's Deadlights must be impressive to have manage to use such strength before it even hatches. He had feared that whatever mortal strain you had given your offspring would have dulled its power. At least he needn't fear that it would be weak. Penny would have been so proud, if not for the fact that the first thing Eggy had done with that power was to hurt him.

To hurt him, to protect you.

That odd feeling twists in him but he ignores it. His child wasn't supposed to do that. It was supposed to help him, not cause him even more pain.

He roars in frustration, this was not what he had planned.

The clown runs over the scenario in his head, this was bad. He had not foreseen that his child could have switched allegiance and to a human at that! Sure, the human is a very comfortable bed-warmer, who drinks too much and has questionable intelligence. A pathetic human that somehow made the other half of his offspring. One who protected and cared for the egg while he was off planning his vengeance, the guardian of his young. Who laughs at his jokes and has that exasperated expression whenever he teases you too far, but always, always forgave him.

A 'nobody' in the grand scheme of things.

He can hear a dead turtle mocking him now, but that senile old fart is *dead* and he knows nothing!

Pennywise is Eternal, Eater of Worlds and Children and you are – were -

Regardless, he was the one who laid eggy and it should be him that eggy should be loyal to.

He made a mistake at allowing you to care for it. He should have made a safe place elsewhere, if not the sewers than somewhere near it, anywhere but your place.

He must get eggy back. Away from you, then find a way to sever the bond that has been built.

He felt the twinge of pain that came from within when he thought of that, his child must have hurt him harder than he had expected.

It took Pennywise all of five minutes to decide that, just *maybe*, he had fucked up.

He stares at your house. He knows it's there, have dropped by and visited so many times, he didn't need to think to appear in your home. Except, to his frustration, he could not. There's a barrier now, strong, stronger than anything he could have conjured up. He could see its power; reality warping gently around the building. He knew what it was.

He knew what it meant.

As long as Eggy sides with you, he will never find both of you. You could be carrying Eggy and dance in front of him and he'd see nothing, feel nothing. Both your souls are blocked from his sights.

All because he may have accidentally tried to kill you.

"Oh, come on, you brat, it was an accident!" he sends out, knowing that Eggy is listening. "You drop this barrier, right now!"

Silence answers back. Then, he sensed it, a tiniest of openings wavered in the barrier. He grins, and pushes a bit of his own power into the gap, needling through when something repulsed him back; it was a sour, sickening scent, all affront and upset-ness and worst, tainted with the foulest taste of betrayal.

Or *Pennywise's* betrayal.

It was enough to make his knees buckle, a wave of weakness flooded him and he nearly unraveled, thinking of a band of children and the humiliation he thought he had suppressed. But he didn't fall, he held steady, hissing in the effort that he nearly missed the warning that came through:

"Fuck off."

Then the opening snaps shut.

Pennywise stares again at your house and he knew that if he tried to do that again, or even hurt you, his child, his own child would destroy him. Make him watch his humiliating beating again and again, until Penny's mind shatters, then Eggy will scatter his form into nothing and toss his Deadlights into the far ends of the universe.

Such cruelty, such perfidy!

Pennywise couldn't be any *prouder*!

If the clown had a heart, he could say with confidence it was bursting with pride! He can only imagine what such cruelty can do when forced upon those meddling brats. The demon drools with excitement but tampers it knowing that it will all be just an imagination, if Eggy refuses to come forth.

And it won't unless he fixes things with you.

A plan forms in his head. Simple, really, all he needs to do is charm you back. Even if he couldn't see or touch you, doesn't mean he can't send you gifts and bribe your affections. And human women love gifts. Once he gives you enough, you'd ask Eggy to back off and Pennywise's plan for vengeance can get back on track.

How hard can charming one woman get?

7. Step 6: Block Annoying Callers

You spend your day off, alternating between anxiety and relief. Anxious for any sign of Pennywise's return and relief that as time goes by that he did not. Eggy never left your sight. Using a blanket, you turned it into a makeshift sled, dragging Eggy everywhere you go, even when you used the toilet.

At any time Pennywise will drop by and frankly, you can't help but fear the very idea of him coming near you. A part of you knew that what happened last night had been an accident. He was in the grips of night-terrors and you were caught in the crossfire. But another part of you, your instincts can't help but recall that crushing of your throat and the pain as teeth sinks into your flesh.

Then, it didn't matter if it was night terrors, he had threatened you before and batted you around prior to the incident under the guise of playfulness. Just because he didn't mean to kill you, doesn't make what he did okay. If anything, nothing about the whole situation is okay. Never has been. The only major exception to this whole fucked up relationship is Eggy.

Eggy, your protector and child.

You start crying again, hugging Eggy for assurance, ignoring the fact that it was absurd you had to depend on your unborn child for safety. But what do you know what is normal anymore?

As though to calm you, Eggy hums, sending a wave of peace all over your soul. You bask in it, stroking their shell, humming back.

"Thank you, little one. I love you too." You say, kissing them softly, "We'll get through this. Together."

You return to work the next day still anxious. Pennywise didn't stop by or messaged or called you, not even once. He had done that to you before and you feel your worry easing slightly. Maybe he decided some distance is needed. Truthfully, you doubt he'd care for you that much to do so, but the time-out is something you honestly need right

now.

That didn't stop you from taking Eggy to work with you. Placing them in the treasure chest in the boot of your car. You're glad your office is small with a close by parking lot. You're banking on Penny's habit on not exposing himself to the general public. And so you surround yourself with people, much to their confusion. You didn't earn the title 'loner' for no reason. Still, you were jumpy and prone to flinching at sudden sounds and moves. A few of your co-workers gave you some concerned looks but you brush them off and try to focus on work; you need a sense of normalcy.

You started feeling like yourself around lunch time and you felt confident enough to visit the nearby diner (still within walking distance of the office and Eggy) on your own. You were even smiling until you reached your desk, where you find a small vase holding a bouquet of orchids waiting for you.

It was a lovely thing, a deep shade of violet that you liked surrounded by soft brown hue and the smell is divine. Quite romantic…if not for the fact that you were the office spinster.

Confused, you turn towards your colleague.

"Hey, did someone drop this at my desk?" you ask her. She sees the vase and shakes her head, "Nope. But there's a note attached to it," she pointed out to the small envelope behind the vase. You take it, a suspicion building. Somehow, the scrawl does not surprise you at all.

Sorry. P

You drop it like it was poison. Your hands were trembling and this time your colleague noticed, "Hey, [Y/N], you all right?" she asks, placing her hand on yours, her eyes filled with concern.

"Nothing. Just, this is a mistake. It's not for me, I'll just take it to the right table," you lie and grab the vase, intent on throwing it into the rubbish bin. Your colleague gives you a look but accepts your excuses. You rush off to the closest bin, making sure no one is looking before chucking it in.

It was an extreme reaction but there's no way that gift wasn't a sick, twisted joke. Pennywise does not do 'sorry'. He just doesn't.

Yet, your hand still holds on to the note, now crushed in your palm.

It wasn't just flowers, you discovered. You went home to find your fridge stocked with wine, including the 1955 Dom Perignon he claimed to have smashed weeks ago. Not just one but *two* of them in fact. All accompanied by a note saying: *'Sorry. P'*

You nearly poured them down the drain when you stopped yourself. Because those were some very good wine, instead you compiled the bottles and placed them in a corner before you grab your phone and start to text.

'Why are you doing this?'

Normally, Pennywise responds instantly, useful he said, to be able to type at the speed of thought, but it took nearly thirty minutes of you staring at the '*Pennywise is typing…*' before he answered.

'I hurt you. Sorry, [Y/N].'

That took him thirty minutes?

'You never say 'sorry'. Is this some kind of joke?'

Another thirty minutes passed and you wonder if he was having some sort of bad reception. Except that was ridiculous; bad reception is a human problem. He's the best reception we humans could ever get. So why was he taking so long to reply?

The next message, however, surprised you: 'No joke. Can we meet up?'

What.

Why would he ask? He never asks to visit you, as far as he was concerned you ought to worship his very existence and be grateful that he bothered to drop by. Common courtesy does not apply to him as your many near heart attacks can attest.

So why ask now? Why the change? Was it, was it because of Eggy hurting him?

He's afraid of Eggy?

The snort that came from you sounded ugly. The laughter that came next was even worse.

But you can't help them; it was ridiculous! An eldritch creature who once boasted of being older than time being scared of an egg. Granted that egg is your child but you had heard enough from Pennywise to know that he is above fear, above all human emotions. Except pettiness. If he hadn't chosen his moniker, you'd say his name would have been 'Pettywise the Clown'.

'Are you afraid of Eggy?' you texted back, holding back your amusement.

This time the answer was instantaneous: 'NO, I'M NOT!'

Yeah, he's scared.

'Sure, Penny. I believe you.' And for the fact that he made you suffer anxiety alone you added a ';)' at the end.

'I AM NOT AFRAID. I AM ABOVE FEAR!'

'Really? So why were you having night terrors?'

The silence speaks volumes. When you thought he had gone, you see the '*is typing…*' crawl.

'Don't be stupid [Y/N], I don't get night terrors.'

'Really? Because it looks very much like night terrors to me.'

A beat and after a moment of silence you messaged him, 'Pen, what happened? You can tell me.'

Because even after everything, deep down, beneath all that fear, you still care. That for all his inhumanity, there's a sweetness there, a dorky creature who makes you laugh even when you're down. And

for all the fear you have, it won't erase that smidgen of fondness you have for him.

'I don't need to tell you anything.'

Somehow you're not surprised.

'Fine, be that way.'

'So, you forgive me?'

'No, Pen, I don't forgive you.'

'BUT I BOUGHT YOU FLOWERS! AND WINE! *1955 DOM PERIGNON*!'

You marvel at his ability to italicize in WhatsApp before responding.

'It's going to take more than just flowers and wine, Pen. You nearly killed me.'

'It was an accident!'

'Really? That makes it even worse!'

'I said 'sorry'! What more do you want?'

The question makes you pause. You think for a while and you realized you had been prepared for that question long before it was asked.

'We need a break.'

The room begins to shake.

You nearly dropped your phone in shock as your house shudders and shivers like it's suffering from an earthquake. Unconsciously, you cover up Eggy, watching as your things falls and break. Then, as soon as it started the room stops and before you can comprehend just what the fuck happened, your phone vibrates again.

'ARE YOU DUMPING ME?'

Suddenly, you knew what had caused the quake.

'I said a break…' you started to type but Pennywise cuts in.

'YOU'RE DUMPING ME? ***ME?'***

'Well- '

'NOBODY DUMPS ME! ***NOBODY***! I ***OWN*** YOU [Y/N]! JUST BECAUSE EGGY HAS SET UP THIS BARRIER AND I CAN'T SEE OR GET TO YOU, DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T FUCKING FIND YOU! YOU BELONG TO ME! ***ME!*** YOU ***WILL*** ACCEPT MY APOLOGY AND TELL OUR CHILD TO PULL THIS BARRIER DOWN, *RIGHT NOW*!'

Wait, barrier? What barrier? Eggy's barrier?

What.

Oh. *Oh.*

And lo, it all becomes clear to you. You realized why he hadn't dropped by; he can't. Which was why he's texting you instead of popping in like some crazy robber. And why you're suddenly receiving gifts. He's not apologizing because he's sorry, he's saying sorry because for once in this whole screwed up relationship, you have the upper-hand and he does not like it.

Not one bit.

A weight is lifted of you and you find yourself feeling confident and empowered for the first time in ages.

'No.'

'WRONG ANSWER!'

'Don't text me or send me anymore gifts. You can take your 'sorry' and shove it up your ass. We're done.'

Then you block his number.

A strangled roar was heard that day in Derry. Though it was all quickly forgotten, just like the strange quake that preceded it. Ever

forgetful the people of Derry. Except for one.

Mike Hanlon woke to memories long buried.

As one number closes, the other opens.

8. Step 7: Reunited With Old Friends

Author's Note: I'd like to thank Asagi Uchiha for their reviews! I greatly appreciate it. Thank you so much for your kind support.

It rained for a week after your break up with Pennywise.

Granted it rains a lot in Derry but not like this. You have a niggling feeling that it has something to do with Pennywise. He did mention something about controlling the weather but you were too busy trying to save your laundry at that moment to care.

The roads were near empty as there were already warnings for people to stay inside and prepare sand bags in case of flooding. There were also news of sickness all around due to the weather.

All in all, it was a rather depressing week and you would have felt the same, except you had downed all that delicious bribe wine, watched Netflix with your egg-child and spent your free time basically alternating between vegging out in front of the television or dancing like you don't have two left feet.

You were so happy even the people at the office wondered if you had gotten laid. Yeah, getting laid would have been amazing but considering your last lay was the reason why you were an anxious riddled wreck, you're willing to sacrifice that particular reward.

And it was all thanks to Eggy.

"For that, my sweet little one! We're going shopping!"

Your credit card will take a beating, but you don't give a fuck; your child has saved you from a toxic relationship and you're going to make damn sure that they have the best stuff once they hatch. To think you once scoff at those parents who would spoil their babies when they don't even know the difference between a toy and food.

That weekend you were splurging, buying baby bed, clothes and various baby things for Eggy. A part of you were nagging at the fact

that your child could be not-human in form but you're banking on their ability to shape shift. You also started mapping out the empty space in your house as a nursery, keeping an eye out for babysitters and daycares.

When you reached home, you begin fixing up the bed and other furniture in the empty space near your bedroom. As you do, another thought popped into your head.

There's another part of you that's already started planning to move; leave Derry behind and go back to Washington with your mother. Now that you know Eggy is strong enough to care for themselves.

Your mother…

Christ, how are you going to explain Eggy to her? Say that you got pregnant and don't tell her until Eggy hatch? Somehow try to excuse the fact that you didn't show any signs of pregnancy? Well, you can always say that you weren't aware. It's rare but there had been cases where women gave birth without knowing that they were pregnant in the first place.

Yeah, yeah you can use that.

She'd be thoroughly disappointed with your status as an unwed mother but frankly, she should be glad that you weren't tied down to a demon clown who tortures and eats children.

You'd deal with her when it comes. You're just glad that your family is small and laidback enough that being a single mom isn't an issue.

"Don't worry about your grandma, little one," you say as you pat the top of Eggy's shell. "She'll love you and if she doesn't, I won't stop loving you." You say quietly when you hear the sounds of bells followed by a soft, childish laugh.

Surprised you turn to the sound, thinking that it was Pennywise, who somehow managed to break Eggy's barrier. Instead you see a vision of a small child staring at you. Except they can't be staring for the child had no eyes, their skull a flat expanse except for the wide smile adorning their face. You can see their teeth, not as sharp but still

deadly. The face is framed with long copper hair that's touching the ground and it's curled lovingly like a certain clown. Attached to that face is a body, tiny, sharp angles and bones, with four arms and four legs.

Instantly you know who this vision is; who *she* is.

This is Eggy and she's beautiful.

Your daughter's vision holds out a tentative hand towards you and you grasps it back. You marvel at the softness of your child's skin when, with the softest ring, the vision vanishes, and you are left staring at an empty space.

Fierce, burning love courses through you. Of what the vision meant, of knowing despite everything, you love your daughter, your beautiful, amazing child who is yet born. Once more you hold on to her shell, "I can't wait to hold you in my arms."

Your child hums back and you hold on to each other, oblivious of what's about to come.

On the other side of town, Mike Hanlon woke with a start.

Clutching the hems of his blanket, he gasps for air, his mind still reeling from memories of burning flesh and screams of his long dead parents. He hears a cold laughter and his mind clings on to a vision of white and red, of copper and glee.

Remember.

And he does. By god, he does. The hole ached for so long, now filled and soothed. He knew now, he knew now of what haunts Derry. The scar on his hand, now thickening as it reddens with a promise made long ago. He remembers why.

Pennywise's back and it was time for The Losers to come home.

Shaking off the dreams, he grabs his phone, scrolling down to numbers he had half hoped to never call.

He calls Billy first, who stammered for the first time in years. Next, came Richie whose tongue became still; of Eddie, resigned but not defeated; of Beverly whose strength has ebbed; Stanley who murmured promises, then Ben, ever committed.

Each of them remember hazily of who he was, of a summer long ago, but remembered they did. All of them pledged to return, some more reluctant than others.

Night turned to day before the Mike hangs up, feeling both relieved and burdened.

He did not see the pair of eyes until it was too late.

9. Step 8: Panic

Mike Hanlon could barely breathe.

He had long lost track of time and the amount of tries he had made to escape from the sewers. He remembered, long ago, how It loved to tease and slowly torture them with their fears and in his foolishness, he had thought It wouldn't have attacked until all of his friends returned to Derry.

How many days now has it been since he made that call? How many days since he's trapped here, watching as that monster dragged child after child and made them float? How many days since he last had anything but rain water and whatever rotten food that drifted around him? How many dead? How *many*?

His body was beginning to fail him, the fever had yet subsided and he knew he was on borrowed time.

He had to escape, to warn his friends.

"*Oh Mikey, time to play ~*"

His body shivers and this time it wasn't from the fever and he braced himself. He would warn them, so he must to live and he'd find a way to tell them if it was the last he did.

You eyed the sewing machine in front of you. If you had gone back in time and told your younger self that you were going to take clothes making, you'd demand what sort of wine you were having, cause you? *Sewing*?

But you don't have much of a choice. Eggy was going to be born in a few months' time and if the vision she showed you was correct, you are going to need to learn how to sew. Because there's no shop on Earth that sells baby clothes for a child with eight limbs and you have tried Etsy.

You even downloaded all the videos on sewing and now all you have

to do is buy the machine.

But apparently there's so many types and apparently stitches and you suddenly feel like one of those old people who for the first time must venture into buying a computer. There's a cute one, small one, one that looked like it could kill Pennywise with one blow and just how many stitches does one *need*? You don't need that many to hold a garment together, or do you?

You were so pre-occupied that you missed the person walking straight at you and slammed right into him and fall right on your ass.

"I'm s-sorry," the man stammered as he helps you up.

"Nah, it's okay, I'm all right –" and you do a double-take.

The man is pretty lean, with dark hair and amazing blue eyes and an extremely familiar face, a face you've seen many times at the back of your favourite books and suddenly you feel like squealing because *holy shit* it's Bill fucking Denbrough! The author of 'The Gift' and 'Eyes of Horror' and he's standing right in front of you!

"Holy shit, you're Bill Denbrough!" your mouth, ever respectful, blurted out. The man is taken aback and blinked before smiling shyly, and oh my fucking God, he's so fucking adorable and oh wow, act casual, act casual, [Y/N]!

"Erm, I mean, sorry about that. Hi, I'm [Y/N] and I'm a fan of your work!" you amended and hold out hand, fighting the urge to squee when he shakes back.

"T-t-thanks. I don't u-u-usu-ally find fans here," he said and again with that amazing smile.

You knew that Denbrough is a native to Derry but for some reason, very few people here are fans of him and you're not sure why, considering he's one the biggest authors on the whole planet. You'd think Derry would capitalize on that.

"Yeah, cretins, all of them," you said and both of you smiled at each other followed by those awkward silence, which you decide to break.

"Um, is it all right if you could sign an autograph for me?" you asked, taking out a battered notepad from your purse, of all the days to switch to kindle! Thankfully, the man is amenable.

"S-sure, so that's [Y/N]…?"

"[L/N]! [Y/N], [L/N]." You said and you watch as he signed the notepad with flourish.

"Oh my God, thank you! Thank you so much!" you practically jumped on the spot. "And, um, sorry for bothering you. I hope you have a nice day!"

"Y-y-you too!" the man waved as you bounce away, giddy like a young school girl. So giddy you didn't notice the man freezing around the corner, his eyes pinned on the red balloon floating away.

Mike felt those hands, cracked and burning fade away as he sees It freeze in his pose. The clown sniffs the air and a look of rage crosses his face.

"So…so…" the creature murmured before Mike felt strong arms drag him up, those horrid yellow eyes piercing through him.

"Tell me, Mikey, why does Billy boy know about [Y/N][L/N]?"

[Y/N]? Who? There were only seven of them, and none of them named [Y/N].

He kept quiet and it was the wrong response as It grips one of his fingers and with a crack snaps them. Mike howls in pain but holds steady. Refusing to beg, because he learned long ago that didn't help at all.

"Ohoho, keeping secrets are we?" The clown started and those teeth comes out.

Mike felt himself going inwards, trying to ignore the agony played upon his flesh. Death was coming and he wanted to weep, or maybe he did weep, knowing that he had failed his oath and now he was going to die.

But instead, before the jaws of death could devour him, he felt lights, bright and deadly surrounding him.

'*We all float down here…'* it whispered as the pain ebbs away. *'But not yet, not yet for you Mikey,'*

He was going to live, because – because? Why? And he sees her. A young woman gazing lovingly towards large, white egg. There's a softness there and a hint of fondness but also anger.

A lot of anger.

She dumped me. ME! It screeched and Mike nearly laughed because that sounded so absurd. It, the creature scorned. But the lights came back and smothered him again and oh, how he would love to float, be one with those lovely, lovely lights.

"No, not yet, Mikey. I have a task for you."

And the thing whispered then lulls him to sleep.

Time passes and Mike woke again and sees his friends and he forgets.

But this time, not for long.

You were at home, trying to finagle the new sewing machine when you hear it.

A crack. No, *the* crack.

You look up to see lines crisscrossing the shell.

Eggy's hatching.

Author's Notes: Cliffhanger. Also, for a story that started out as crack, this is becoming not so cracky. but don't worry, reader and eggy will have their crack shenanigans, in the future. :) I hope y'all enjoy this chapter.

10. The Hatching

Your brain ascends to the higher plane of existence.

No, no, it's too early. Pennywise said nine months. NINE. This is too early.

But the shell continues to crack, flaking all over the treasure chest it resided before your mind returns back and swiftly kicks you into high gear.

You dump the parts of the sewing machine, then dive into your room, dragging out the blankets and wet towels as you had planned. You were suddenly glad that you gone on that shopping binge and start to pace around the treasure chest where Eggy slowly hatches.

Breathe, breathe. Remember your Lamaze classes.

Then you snap back, reminding yourself that your child's an egg and is doing all the pushing. Also, you never went to Lamaze classes.

But still, you pace around, hoping that the early hatching doesn't mean that Eggy's ill or comes out d- NO, don't think about that! Eggy is strong, she'll make it! She has too.

"C'mon baby, you can do it." You whisper, your hands hover over her, not knowing if it's fine to touch or just allow Eggy to do all the work. God, you wish Penny's here…you wish he could see this.

But then you remember his fury, his inability to apologize sincerely and all the threats and blames, and you shove his face out of your head. You don't have time for his bullshit, you need to focus on your child.

Then you hear, it was soft, so very soft, but it was there: a mewling chirp, not unlike a chatter of insects and purrs of a cat, Eggy mewled as one of her limbs, a bony arm shoots out, grasping for air, followed by another, then another and a forest of copper hair, slimed and long juts out. Eggy's flat skull emerged, covered in muck as her mouth, impossibly wide, yawns showing rows and rows of tiny teeth, already

sharp and deadly.

Despite being eyeless, Eggy's head turns towards you, sensing your presence and cries out and it takes everything in your heart to not break from just how beautiful she is. Arms stretched out, you grasp your baby, *your baby* and gently pull her out from the shell.

Eggy – you have to give her a new name now – was small compared to the egg she once stayed in, roughly the size of a newborn human baby. Her limbs, all eight, each with five digits on them curled around you and you hold her like she's the most fragile thing in the world. As she feels cold, you wrap her with one of the blankets you had bought, heedless of the slime that coats her unearthly pale, white skin.

She mewls and hums and you find yourself responding the same.

"Hello, little one, it's me, Mama," you say.

And she purrs, one of her arms stretch out to touch your face and you touch them, marveling at its softness.

She's perfect, your beautiful half-human child.

Your pepper her face with kisses and she mews with delight and you give a quiet laugh then you hear a loud growl coming from your child's stomach.

"Aw, are you hungry?"

With some difficulty, you manage to juggle making formula you have bought. Part of you hopes that it would be enough, and you give a tiny prayer as soon as the bottle touches her lips. To your immense relief, Eggy latches on, hard, eager for the liquid sustenance. And before you could blink, the bottle was empty.

Eggy lets out a tiny, adorable burp, then slowly sinks into your arms. It takes you a while (because having nothing but a mouth on your face makes it hard to determine this) but as soon as you felt her small body purr and vibrate you realized that your child had fallen asleep. Once, she had fallen into deep slumber, you gently wash away the slime and muck.

You decided to clean the egg remnants later and opted instead to call your work again for a day off, then your curl up in bed, tucking Eggy beside you. You gaze upon this life, this little one, and smile until finally slumber takes you too.

He felt it, deep within his lights.

A new life is here.

Oh, how marvelous and wonderful! There's joy and there's pride but also uncertainty.

Too soon. He knows that his offspring should not have been here. Then why?

He couldn't have miscalculated…and yet, his offspring is here. Ignoring the dread building him, he spreads out, seeking her energy source. Derry is but a speck now, lines of life and emotions stretched out before him. He ignores them and seeks what he's looking for. The barrier is still there but it's wavering and amidst the dips he snatch glimpses of your baby's life sign.

It holds yes, but wavers and it's utterly brittle.

His stomach sinks – he is right, it is too soon. Your child is malformed, weak and is clinging to your life line when by right she needn't have too.

He unleashes a howl, angry and deep. It's wrong, it's all wrong – WHY? *WHY?* Your child had been destined for strength, unheard off from such union and yet, her lights are dim, dimmer than the vision he had seen when he first lay it. Even though the barrier is still strong enough to repel him and protect you, he knows it wouldn't be long before it breaks. Not long from now, a few days more.

You'd be vulnerable and he wants to delight in that, some part still does but not at that cost.

Not his child, *no.*

Why? WHY? He asks and he turns to dip into his memories and

whatever flicker of information that he can grab during the falls. He hears you reminiscing about clothes, such mortal worries and then, of course Billy boy. He allows himself a small smile, ah, that fuck's face when he realized his little message.

Wait…

Earlier that day, you had bumped into Billy boy...later the egg hatches.

It clicks and he slams back into the physical realm, apoplectic with rage.

THOSE FUCKING BRATS.

For a moment he regrets leaving that Hanlon runt at the hospital. He had been banking on using Hanlon to stir fear among his friends but he did not account for Billy boy. The little shit who should have been his last meal before the long sleep. Instead, they rallied around him and had the audacity to nearly end him. He had thought the years had weakened the boy, adulthood should have removed whatever power he had to defeat him.

The clown paces in his lair.

What is he missing? That old, senile, fuck is dead, his meddling no more and yet he could sense that the wretched turtle's hand in the whole situation. Part of him wishes Maturin still lived, if only to for him to tear out that turtle's head, then shit on his remains.

His offspring is vulnerable, somehow coming to life before she is ready.

And it's all Billy boy's fault.

Fuck his plans, he will murder them all *now!*

So, he went, forgoing his favourite form, he turns back into the Deadlights and rushes through time and space, intent on killing but as soon as he arrived at that hospital room he finds that he could not.

He stares at the building, parts incredulous and parts fury.

Once more, he's force to acknowledge that he had made a mistake. There are no longer a powerful seven, since they dwindled to six but together, they brim not of fear but of anger…righteous, sickening anger.

And it repels him.

It's that awful, awful stench from before and he feels that old fear, alien but familiar and he backs away. It hurts his pride but he knows; he knows that if he attacks them now he will be defeated.

Permanently.

It's inconceivable; him, an Eternal with an End, but he knows deep within his lights that is what will come to be if he dares attack them now.

He needs them separated, divided but it seems his little playtime with Mikey will make it difficult. Billy boy's face is grim and determined, he orders them to stay close, brooking no complaints. He didn't stutter, not even once. The man-boy sees only a vision of his younger brother, crying out in pain and he vows 'never again'. They surround Hanlon, their shield impenetrable.

He backs away, oh, he promises the pain, yes, but first he has someone he needs to visit. He just hopes that you'd be wiser this time…

11. Step 9: Prepare Nutritious Food

You woke to the sound of kittens purring and it takes you a few minute to wonder why is your cat in your bed, to 'I don't have a cat' to 'shit, did the neighbour's cat get in again?' before your memories kick starts and you open your eyes to a forest of copper hair.

For a terrifying moment, you wonder if Pennywise is beside you but the hair parts to reveal wide lips and you remember – yesterday Eggy had hatched.

"Morning sunshine," you say, pulling up the baby close to you and you breathe in her scent; that amazing whiff of a newborn baby, like soft skin and baked bread. Eggy purrs and mewls in your arms, eager for your affections when her stomach growls again.

"Aww, is Mama's baby hungry?" Eggy nods and you wonder if a human, demon, clown, spider hybrid can understand before realizing that maybe you should stop trying to think too hard about your child's milestones.

Again you juggle Eggy and the formula. Your child sucks the bottle as eagerly as yesterday but makes an expression (in spite of lacking eyes) for more. So you do so again, but this time she kicks the bottle before it touches her lips.

"A-ah, don't be rude, Eggy," and you try again but once more, your child kicks the bottle away and this time purses her lips shut, signaling that she didn't want milk. Thinking that she's already full, you lift her onto your shoulders and start patting her back. Eggy's stomach growls again as she whines into your ears.

You try the milk again but once more she kicks it away and bleats piteously.

Before you can do anything, Eggy reaches out and touches your cheek and you see:

A young girl, screaming with fear as something (someone) lunges and tears out her arm. Her fear was so strong, so piercing you could taste it.

It's sweet and divine, like ambrosia on your tongue and you want it, So. Fucking. Badly.

Your knees buckle and you drop to the floor, still clutching Eggy. Your baby continue her pitiful cries, her arms clutching her stomach. The vision fades away, but that taste, delicious fear, lingers in your mouth.

Yet, you remember the girl's expression: that primal fear and your hurl. Thankfully, your stomach is empty but still some content spewed forth.

Eggy clings to you, making anxious noises at your distress.

You don't blame her, you knew from the moment Penny dropped Eggy into your life, there's a major possibility that human flesh is something you're going to have to deal with her diet. Pennywise, despite his cruelty and fondness of scaring you, always kept that sordid business away from your relationship. Even when he absconds you into his sewer lair for a quickie, he always ensures that you never see his victims. Your ex-lover warned you, once, that nothing you could say or do would change anything. Underlying those words were threats on not only your life but also of your mother's; so you close your eyes, deafen your ears and pretend all those time he teases about snacks and dinner were just that.

You see their faces, of course, on posters that are eventually covered by another and you dissociate. It helps that despite Derry's reputation as a close-knit community, you were often alone, except for small talks. You don't actually have friends or family here, so their anguish is separated from you…until now.

Shaking, you rise up, wrapping your arm around Eggy who mewls fretfully as she buries her face into your neck.

Your child is hungry and the milk can only sustain her for so long. She needs, fuck, she needs human flesh.

Suddenly, dumping Pennywise doesn't sound like a great idea.

You briefly see yourself trying to murder a child, as morbid as that

sounds but you dismiss it. There's no way that will happen unless you're spectacularly drunk and according to one clown, you're an incredibly stupid drunk. At best you'd probably just scare the kid off and at worst be labeled a sexual deviant. The worst case scenario you're caught and imprisoned, therefore leaving Eggy to fend for herself.

While he does hold some sway over Derry, your child does not. Well, you think she doesn't but you don't want to test it.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck!* How are you going to do this? Eggy is nuzzling into your shoulder now. Now and then you hear that sad mewl, like a distress. She's hungry and instinctively you know you *have* to feed her. But how?

God, you need a fucking drink. So you do, even though it's way too early but you down a glass.

Where can you find bodies? The cemetery? No, you couldn't dig that fast and it's probable that a lot of them are rotten anyway. The morgue? Hahahahahaha, too many humans to bypass. Where, oh, where can you find dead bodies?

In the haziness, your mind snaps on to something: the sewers. Penny keeps his victims there, 'they all float' (whatever the fuck that means) down there. He says he likes to keep a few for later. A plan forms: you can sneak in and steal some. Yes, because you can't (won't) murder kids and he won't miss it, maybe.

Another glass goes down, giving you a buzz of boldness. You know of his lair (somewhat) and knows that he leaves it to hunt. He's a daylight hunter – says something about how knowing the light can't protect you gives him jollies – so that means, he's out at the moment. You think.

And if he's there, well, Eggy can barrier-fu his ass. Yeah. Perfect. You'll go down there, bring Eggy along and steal some dead child (Oh God, you hope they're dead). And anyway, Eggy's his child too and he shouldn't be chuffed if you steal one body or two.

Man, what has your life come down to, if you're off to steal dead

bodies at (you squint at your watch), 7am in the morning. But as Eggy whimpers, you shove the last bits of your conscience and common sense into the back of your head.

You have a baby to feed.

He sends Henry Bowers away, unlocking the doors of his rooms. The once dreaded bully, limps off, muttering vengeance. It had been easy. The old brat's mind is half-gone, riddled with madness but all Penny had to do was remind him; remind him of Hanlon and how he was the reason he's stuck in there because Henry's blamed for the murders and condemned to a lifetime under psychiatric care due to insanity. Just a nudge and a lot of brain meddling and off Henry goes.

Pennywise pats himself in the back. He may not be able to harm the group personally, so bound he was to the rules of this world, but that doesn't mean he can't send others to do his dirty work.

He has another day or so before the barrier breaks and he doesn't want to remain idle. The longer the 'Losers' endure together, the stronger they become. They surround Hanlon, taking turns to watch over him, while the others sought out ways to defeat their enemy. Decades before, he'd scoff at such notion but he learned and he was not going to take any chances.

If Henry fails, well, there is that drug-addicted nurse who had been visited by strange creatures with glowing yellow eyes in her sleep. Just a prod here and there, and she should be on her way to cause a minor accident with a needle. Or scalpel. He's not particular as long as Mikey ends up dead. If she could take down another one of those Losers', even better.

It was then that Pennywise sensed it. You once called it 'someone stepping on my grave', a nonsensical belief in his opinion since you are very much alive, but it feels apt now.

Someone's in his lair.

Getting to the Barrens had been…interesting. The cab driver you

asked – because drunk driving is a no-no even if your alcohol buzzed head – had dropped you off but not before giving you a concerned look. You managed to wrap Eggy into a baby shaped burrito and even brought your cooler for corpse preservation. You gave the driver the excuse, when he started nosing around that you were off for a nice picnic. It doesn't help that Eggy keeps mewling and purring and you think that the guy is started to believe that it's not a baby in that burrito but a cat. Well, better a crazy cat lady than a grave-robber.

The closer you get to the Barrens, the more worried the man becomes. He had all but said he thinks what you're doing is risky, considering the missing kids and all, but you paid his fare and hopped off before he could say anything else.

You're already a bundle of nerves with your plans because never in your long life had you imagined that someday you were off to steal bodies to feed your baby. Yeah, the whole sexual affair with a demon-spider was also never on your to-do list but when life gives you lemons...

Right, right, you breathe, tightening your hold on both Eggy and the cooler. You have a baby to feed, you need to think straight and oh god you wish you had another glass of wine but no time – gotta steal corpses, gotta feed the baby.

The sewers stank of course, so you wrap your nose and mouth with cloth, rubbing some of the mint rub around your nose. It doesn't exactly rid of the smell but at least you won't be gagging as you walk. Using a flashlight you start walking, trying to remember the way to Penny's lair.

You don't have to worry much about getting lost, as soon as you stepped into the ankle deep sewage, Eggy practically hums, poking her head out of the blanket. If she had eyes, you believe that it would be alert and focused. Her hand stretches out and points like a compass.

"Oh, thank goodness. Okay, let's go get you some body parts."

It takes you some time but with a corpse-compass at your chest you soon come to a very familiar grate. Eggy keens as you get close but

you freeze. You're still scared, part of you already contemplate going back and just dig some grave and not step forward.

You know what's beyond that grate and every part of you is screaming to run. Run away and don't look back.

Eggy start to wail, and you hear that rumbling from her stomach and once more you shove whatever conscience you have into the recesses of your mind and you take the step forward. Your hands still shake as it touches the grate and your body feels like fainting as you swing it open to reveal…

The familiar mountain of broken things, lit by the single light source above you and surrounded by…by…

Your mind wants to stop. Limbs, torsos and heads float eerily around Pennywise's mountain of trophies. 'They all float,' literally, orbiting the pile like celestial bodies like a dance macabre. There were so many of them, occasionally dipping and rising, like a tantalizing buffet.

Before you can register just how *wrong* this whole thing is, you're already kneeling on the ground, purging whatever's in your stomach away.

Oh God, Oh God.

You don't know how long you stood there, just trying to comprehend the horror in front of you but soon that soft, fretful mewl drags you back and you know that there's nothing you can do for them. Your child's the most important thing right now. She's hungry and you'd be damned if you allow her to starve to death.

You set Eggy down in a nice clean area, beside the cooler and, bracing yourself, you start to climb. There's small part of you screaming in fear because heights and you are mortal enemies but you have no idea how to drag those parts down. You didn't actually think Pennywise takes the whole 'they all float' literally. Maybe it's a parental bravery thing, backed by Eggy's soft mewls, but your legs didn't turn to jelly, more like a reinforced play-dough but you're not complaining. Just don't look down. Not that looking up is any better

because – HOLY FUCK, HOLY FUCK THAT'S A HUMAN HEAD, THAT'S A *HUMAN HEAD* and you shut your eyes, clinging to a rotten chair, whimpering and hoping the head would just float away.

When you open your eyes again, the head is gone replaced by some poor soul's thigh. You wait for it to float closer, then with an apologetic prayer you reach out. The thigh seem to float away and you're gritting your teeth, trying to stretch yourself closer. Eggy's keen wail is louder now and you allow yourself to reach further, your fingers nearly touching…!

"Well, well, who's in my home? An intruder?"

You freeze.

Pennywise is back and you see him, long and limber, silver glow in the light. He's looking at the bundle on the ground. You couldn't see his expression but you hear him, "What's this?"

Your child's in danger. The barrier's gone.

You hear her, Eggy's frightened cries and your body turns cold, like all warmth is sucked out of you. Child in danger. Your baby's in danger.

You don't know when you let go, you hear someone calling out your name but it can't be…

You remember how the floor rises up to greet you, then…darkness.

12. Step 10: Settle Custody Arrangements

You linger in the darkness, caught between awareness and nothing. There's pain but it's far away, as if your mind is trying desperately to guard your brain from the hurt your body is suffering.

'Eggy…' you want to call out, to protect and to comfort. You have to reach her; reach her before she's taken from you. Your mind warns of the dangers but you ignore it, your child's danger, it's not the time to sleep. So you force yourself, demanding your body to get the fuck up.

Despite the pain, despite the warnings your brain restarts and you slowly, painfully, regain your senses.

Your ears are the first and you hear the sounds of argument and… hissing?

"No, I am not going to hurt her!" a familiar voice cries out, almost offended. *Pennywise*, you were in his lair trying to…trying to steal some of his victims.

His victims.

Your eyes shot open and you gasp, reaching out for a hold that's no longer there but your arms screams in shock and you limp back, hissing.

"[Y/N]!" he calls out.

There were threats on your tongue, anger born from worry but instead all that came out are spluttering nonsense because apparently you're lying in sewage water. Oh god, some of them is in your mouth!

There's a loud hissing and you're wondering what cat is doing in this forsaken place before you realised that a small, white thing with bony limbs is making that noise. Eggy, barely two days old, stands before you like a particular angry cat, hissing and spitting at Pennywise who is pinned against the wall, spread–eagled like an invisible hand is pressing him.

"[Y/N], make her stop!" he cries out.

A long moments pass and is not because you're too much in pain to respond because some part of you is trying very hard not to laugh. You almost did, but a part of your ribs is protesting violently that you shouldn't. You're going to listen to it. Right after you crawl out of the sewage water.

"Are you seriously going to let her do this?"

"Mfffhh," which is a 'yes' but you're kinda busy trying to get out of this *disgusting* water. Pennywise can wait. Sensing your intent, Eggy takes faces away from her father, using one of her many arms to carefully drag you out of the water and onto a higher floor. You grit your teeth, trying to alleviate your weight but it seems like Eggy is pretty strong for her age. She's also keening and purring with worry. Pennywise is cursing a streak but you ignore him.

You want to just lie down and bask in Eggy's ministrations but some part of you is worried. You know from the various aches and pains shooting all over your body, that you're injured. Doubtless due to the fall but some part of you had expected Eggy to have been able to heal you, like she did long ago while still a little egg-child.

You nearly snort, what kind of mother are you to turn to your newly born baby for help? God, not even a few days into motherhood and you're already failing.

Still, self-pity later, now you need to tell your ribs, and arms, and your legs (perhaps your ankles too) to get up and get out while Pennywise is still a dartboard against the wall. And maybe contemplate homicide cause, wow, this planned is not working so well for you. When will you learn not make decisions when drunk?

Eggy croons and rubs her head against you and suddenly, you feel soft magic pouring into you and the ache in your body eases.

"No, stop that! Stop that right *now!"* Pennywise calls out and in your relief you didn't hear the panic in his voice, the uncharacteristic worry because as soon as you feel your arms tingling, that cold, awful feeling returns. You feel tired and suddenly drained, like those times when you come down from sugar rush. The warmth is fading, your mind is muddling and you hear Eggy keening in panic as she grasps

your face.

Thud.

Pennywise drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

He's shaking as he stands up, you see his panic-stricken face as he rushes forwards – then nothing.

Once more, you wandered in darkness. This time is different from before though, you can feel your life force ebbing away and your mind eager for that final sleep. It's like after a long day at work and you're back at home, bras off and trousers flung across the room as you crash onto your bed; peace at last.

No Pennywise, no Eggy, no mom hovering over you. Money and food feels like a joke and you wonder why they all occupied your mind so much. This is lovely, no more worries, Hakuna Matata, yo.

You surrender to that feeling, letting it wash over you as the last of your mortal worries withers away.

Peace.

At.

Last.

"I'm sorry." Someone, no, Maturin, calls to you. Pity washes over you and you know of him so well, regardless of the fact that you just meeting him.

"Why?" you ask, despite your detachment.

"Because I can't help you. I can't help them." He says sadly.

"It's all right…"

"I didn't mean to make the worlds, to create but oh how my belly-ached,"

"Maturin, it's all right."

The turtle chuckles ruefully, "Thank you but I am still sorry."

"Why?"

"I just wanted a happy ending for once. For you and for him."

Then he's gone, beyond you or perhaps he wasn't even there in the first place. Odd your last memories is about a turtle. But then, he does loves us all.

Something tugs you. Gently at first, then harder and more insistent. You frown…metaphysically or is it non-existent ly? Well, whatever it is (cause you have a degree in Business Administration, not Philosophy), you frown cause you want to fade into non-existence but somehow (or is it someone?) just won't let go.

'*Come back.*'

Wait…that voice.

Pennywise? In *your* afterlife? (Or after non-life?)

"Go away."

'*Come back, [Y/N].*'

"No, I wanna sleeeeep." You whine sensing his symbolic face-palm even in this form.

'*Come back, you idiot,*'

"No."

You hear him sigh. *'I can't believe this. You come back right now or I'll-'*

"Nah bro, I'm dead or dying. You can't threaten me."

'*Are you* serious*? You know what* fine *I can just – OW – '*

'*Mama, come back, come back!*'

"…Eggy?"

'*Mama, I'm sorry, please come back!*'

'You *bit me! You* bit – *OW!*'

You laugh – you can't help it. Your laughter rings around you, melodic and sweet until the image of Eggy, her jaw clamped on Pennywise's hand fades away.

"…baby, don't bite your dad. He's unsanitary."

'*Mama! Don't leave me!*'

A rush of love flows in you and despite that deep desire to just let go, you fight back. The yearning shrieks out from deep within your soul but you proceed to kick its metaphorical ass. You have to get back, to your baby, your sweet Eggy…and Pennywise…cause there's no way you're going to miss seeing him being bitten.

There are lights floating above you, tantalizing you with its beauty. You reach forward and feel it between your fingers and life surges through…

…and you wake once more, to find yourself being cradled by strong arms bedeck with silver silk and bells. Arms that belonged to a certain shape-shifting humanoid abomination, currently sitting cross-legged on the ground, scowling down at you. One look and you know why.

Eggy is latched around his giant head, two of her legs wrapped around his neck, her arms digging through the sides of his face and her giant mouth fastened to the top of his skull; perched an angry cat on top of a hapless owner.

Seeing you awake, Eggy detaches her maw from his forehead and slips down onto you, mewling and purring all the way. She curls on your chest and you start to wonder if Pennywise is part cat somewhere down the line. Pennywise, the angry clown, shakes his head and you watch as the teeth marks fade away from where Eggy had bitten down on him.

"Hmph, finally." He sulks and Eggy gives him a warning hiss. He glares at her but you can see a softness in those eyes, a sort of pride.

You still feel a bit woozy and lightheaded, like you had just done weed, if doing weed is makes you have no more fucks to give. Maybe it's because you know, deep down, that you had somehow cheated death. You should be worried and perhaps a bit traumatised but instead you just feel joyful and safe. Which is weird because you're in the arms of the last creature you wish to see right now. And yet, when he holds you like that, like you're a precious princess clutching to your own precious princess, it feels safe.

It feels right.

"Ey bro. Am alive…" you murmur, cheerfully tucking your head against his chest.

"It seems the fall has cause more damage to your brain," he says but there's no bite in those words for he still holds on to you. You test your hands and feet and wiggled a bit. The pain is still there but it feels less like falling tens of feet to ground and more like accidentally stomped on a Lego piece. In the dark. While you're holding on to a full bladder.

Okay, it still hurts a lot.

Eggy rubs her face all over you, keening and clutching onto you like a life raft.

"Hi, sweetie. Mama's here," you assure her, dotting her face with kisses. You expect her to answer but she simply hums in that voice of hers.

"She can only speak in that world for now, not here. Her physical form is not complete, not yet," Pennywise answers, no doubt sensing your confusion.

"Oh, well that's okay. I can wait, she's only, like what? Two days old."

"Her form is…incomplete."

"D'uh, she's still a baby silly. Maybe *you* were born all grown up but

we humans start as babies," you shoot back.

Pennywise rolls his eyes, "No, [Y/N]. She's incomplete, she's born too early and is extremely weak. Which is why she nearly killed you, she has latched her lights on to your soul and is draining your energy to empower hers."

And your fucks are back.

You push yourself away from him, but the clown squeezes on, ignoring your discomfort. You stare at him and, to your despair, finds truth.

He continues, uncharacteristically solemn, "Normally, someone like me are born grown, perhaps due to your part she would have been younger, a small child if complete but she hatched too early. Without the shell she's…feeble…like…"

"A human baby." Which was why the barrier's gone, why Pennywise can see them, hold them and take your child away. No, you won't let that happen!

So, you head-butt him.

Pennywise's head snaps back from the force and your eyes sting, but his hands hold you even tighter and this time you can sense that's not because of protectiveness.

Fuck, this is not one of your best decisions!

Eggy trembles and start to hiss, sensing your fear and you feel her hair raise in defensive anger.

Your body's starting to grow cold and that feeling is back – so weak, so weak –

"*Stop."*

Both of you freeze and the cold feeling's gone, but the atmosphere changed, now brimmed with anger and fear and thick with a command that neither of you dared to disobey. Eggy mewls and it hurts you to hear her like that, so you hold on to your child, trying to

grow small, trying to be the shell that protects.

"*Sleep."*

You expect a wave of drowsiness to overwhelm you and are prepared to fight it, only to hear your child squeak, then fall limply beneath you. A pang of dread comes over you and you glare up to find, Pennywise staring at you, eyes soft blue and…and…

Your brain blanks. Just blanks because that expression and Pennywise does not fucking compute. But it's there and it's so sweet and tender and so *bloody wrong*, that you don't flinch when one of his hands finds its way to your face.

"She's asleep, if she continues you will fade again." His fingers brushes your jaw with such tenderness that you almost forget whose hands are touching you. He sighs, lowering his head to touch yours, his breath brushing your face.

"You're an idiot if you think I'd let my child die. Not when she's bound to you."

No reply comes from you because your words are still screaming from within at just how wrong this is. Pennywise continues, ignoring your inner distress.

"While I do think your plan to steal food from my pantry is one of your top three dumbest ideas, ever, I cannot fault you. You are human, with all their weaknesses and I know you'd never be able to hunt a child without those disgusting drinks in your blood. You are, by far, the stupidest mortal I've known when drunk. You'd probably scare yourself than those brats and end up in those prison, then Eggy will be forced to drain you, killing you, in a misguided attempt to save you," he says bitingly.

"So? I'd rather die, if it means she gets stronger. If it means staying away from you," you snap back. You would because you know death isn't scary, not after what you had seen, what you have heard.

His pulls back, his face livid, "Then she dies with you. Weren't you listening? She's bound her lights to you, to your soul. She needs you

to live, you are her shell now until she's fully grown."

"I can wait five more months." You reply and by the Turtle you will find a way to keep Eggy away from him.

Your former lover sneers at you, "The nine months due date is because of her original shell – with you it will take twenty-seven years, at least. But don't worry, I'm not going to take her away from you,"

He laughs at your dumbstruck expression, pinching your cheek like you are some naughty child, "She stays with you and I bring her the flesh she needs."

"Wh-what? Why?"

"She needs you and I may be a superior being above your petty morals, but even I draw the line of letting my child die. She stays with you, where you can protect her while making her strong. See how nice I am?" he says, giving you a winning smile. It stretches so wide that one of Eggy's bite mark opens again.

"…you don't want her to bite you again, do you?"

"…just, keep our child safe and I will make sure she doesn't starve and you don't end up shaming yourself."

"Yeah, I guess…this is a truce,"

"A gift." He insisted.

You sigh, "Shared custody, with supervised visitations."

"I don't know what that means but to show you that I mean well, I ask that you unblock me from your phone."

You raise your eyebrow at him, because of all things to ask…

"Why? So you can share dank memes again?"

He huffs, offended, "They are *amazing* dank memes and you just need to appreciate them!"

"You use rage comics in *2016*! Do you know how old –"

"They are amazing! One of the few greats of your uncivilised culture – "

"Gods, I never should have bought you that phone!" You started but he presses his finger on your lips to silence you.

"I need to keep in touch with you and I know that you are…" he pauses here and you can see his mind struggling with the next words, "…still unhappy with me to be around me physically."

He sounds upset and you realise it's not at you, but at *himself* and for that very fact sets your brain firmly in the realm of 'I can't even!'

Man, everything is just 'can't' today. Pennywise is acting so…un-Pennywise and you're half wondering if this is a trick or you ended up in hell but Eggy's snores grounds you back and in spite of all your anger towards him, his…not-Pennywise-ness is tickling your sympathy bone.

And he is right. Despite the mild comfort that you're feeling now, you know that the whole 'I nearly murdered you' is still lingering at the back of your mind. But you need him, although you can't stand him, you need him because of Eggy. Also, you know that he didn't have to offer you that option, he could just pop into your house, heedless of your feelings but he 'asked' and for someone as prideful as him… that's like Tywin Lannister declaring he loves Tyrion and wants him to become Heir to Casterly Rock.

You sigh, feeling the tiredness seeping in your bones and you know this time it's not because of Eggy.

"…fine, I'll unblock you."

The smile he gives you is so wide and beautiful that the nagging feeling of 'you just made a mistake' simply sinks into the recesses of your mind.

"Good, now, let's get you home."

"Yeah, let me just…" you try to stand up but Pennywise chuckles at

your attempt.

"Silly [Y/N], no, we're going home my way." He smirks, tapping your nose before wrapping you and Eggy closer to him. You clutch on to his ruffs, knowing what's about to come next. You don't see him brushing his lips against your forehead or heard the whispers of "Hold on tight," in your ear. You remember seeing the whole world zoom past you and you're flying to the sounds of his laughter.

(And yours.)

13. Intermission 2: Revelations and Denials

Author's Note: I may be taking a break for the next chapter to deal with personal issues. I'm truly sorry for the upcoming delay but I hope this chapter will whet your appetites a bit. Also, thank you so much **asagi-uchiha** and **cherry-sizzle** for your reviews. I love reading them again and again.

Pennywise kept his promise in giving you space since the whole 'sewer incident', as you'd like to call it. After whisking you back home and ensuring that you are fully capable of walking without falling, he pops off to wherever. But not before placing a lovely set of limbs near Eggy – who is still suspicious of her father – to eat. You'd like to think that's quite kind of him to give you a set of limbs instead of torsos or heads or anything identifiable but you're too tired to think, reeling back from hunger and the fact that you had escaped death, twice.

Eggy sniffs over Penny's offerings, giving it a tentative lick before unhinging her jaws and devouring them with gusto. Your appetite decided it'd wanted to just fuck off but you pretended that Eggy's just eating some humanoid chicken limbs and force some leftover food from your fridge into your stomach. You're not surprised to find that all your wines and beers gone. You don't even need a note to know that a certain clown had decided to smash them for your sake. No biggie, at least you had the pleasure of downing all that Perignon weeks ago.

The one that did surprised you was the lack of leftover shell of Eggy's. It's no longer in the treasure chest and only remnants of its flakes gives away the evidence of its existence. You wonder if Pennywise had taken that too. Well, one less thing to clean.

Your phone buzzes and you unlock it to find two interesting messages:

One was from work saying that your paid leave for one month has been approved and that your boss hopes you get well soon, which surprised you until you see the next message from Penny:

'Gave you a month off from work. Enjoy time with Eggy.'

That sent your eyebrows past your hairline and you envision Pennywise donning on a serious business voice, demanding you get a month off, fully paid.

"*Yes, [Y/N] has caught the 'Disease of Caring for My Offspring'. Please give her paid leave, or I will find and torture your children before devouring their fear ridden flesh in front of you. And release all your internet history.* All of them."

Still it is rather generous of him – suspiciously generous even. Not to say that he never tried his whole 'Derry is My Playground' thing and human memories are basically tunes for him to play but he'd only do it because he really wanted a fuck. (Or that one time when he wanted to beat your Flappy Bird score. Your wall still has that hole where he punched it from frustration.) Then you warned him that you have a life and a career and then whoopsy-daisy, a sudden paid leave. Not that you ever abused such powers…pfft, of course you have and those were the times when Mondays and Fridays are worth waking early for.

But a month and no demand of sex? That's like super generous of him.

You shoot both of them a 'thank you' text before tossing your phone onto a table.

If this is his way of (way overdue) apology, well…it's a start.

Still, you have a million of questions to ask, like the night terrors, why is Eggy prematurely born, also 27 years of shell-duty? What must you look out for? Not that you hadn't wanted to ask these things but you had hoped to be able to deal with it later, when your head's cooled down and with Eggy's shield as protection.

Now you're vulnerable, your child's shield's gone, and you're back on depending on the whims of a child-eating alien clown.

You're just so fucking tired.

Eggy licks the last of her meal and you balk at seeing her being

covered in leftover blood. Also the floor's a mess. It disturbs you a bit to know that you're going to have to bleach said floor because you don't want the authorities to link you to the missing kids. Granted you are linked to aforesaid missing kids, and you should feel sad, but your conscience is off somewhere, so you're feeling a teensy weensy amoral at the moment. Eggy stands up, demanding to be held and you bend down but not before giving her that look.

"Bath time, young lady," and despite not having eyes, you get a distinct impression that they would be widening with horror at your words. Eggy gives you the Universal Whine of 'I-Don't-Like-Baths' but tough. You're her Mama and no child of yours is going to end up looking like she just ate human limbs.

Eggy keens but you lift her up, ignoring her attempts to escape you.

With more than twice the limbs, she gives a tough fight on the way to the bath tub and your day, despite starting with a bang, ends with mundane monotony.

Henry Bowers and the junkie-nurse had failed to off Mikey. But not before Henry manages to break Eddie's right arm once more. Pennywise plays back the former bully's memories to see the germophobe wheeze and gasping with fear, his left arm searching for a useless inhaler from his pockets. Watching him struggle to his feet, clutching that trash-mouth Richie like he's the aforementioned useless inhaler, crying and sobbing, had been quite pleasing. His fear is delectable. If only Eddie had been younger – if only Pennywise had consumed him at the time at Neibolt house. Aaah, he had been sublime, so ready to float.

Still, they are not dead. If anything, they are starting to remember in greater detail of that summer so long ago. He had managed to suppress most of it, especially the details of his lair and how they managed to defeat him at the time. But Maturin's interference surrounds them, and it's not long before they'd truly remember.

He's running out of time.

Once more he searches. Leaving Derry as a speck. Lines of life

thrumming before him. A buffet of emotions just waiting to be feasted.

He sees your lifeline and Eggy's intertwined with one another and a warm feeling blossoms from within. He had thought seeing you again would have stirred anger in him. Oh, he was furious during those days when you and Eggy were beyond his reach. At your audacity and at your child's traitorous allegiance. Those days he spent imagining all the horrors he'd carve on your flesh, on your mind and then (once he devours you) upon your soul where he would make you suffer for all eternity.

Eggy will be made to watch, to endure; for all his pride off his child, he will not tolerate such disrespect.

Mike Hanlon had been practice.

He enjoyed Mikey's company, watching the man break, then defiant until he breaks the man again, building, and then shattering him again and again.

It did not bring him pleasure.

He had thought it would be easy, imagining that it's you lying there, broken and screaming but every time he does, his hands would still, giving old Mikey some respite. A vile taste builds in him, thinking your face snot-ridden and your shoulders bent down in defeat. It came close to that time, before that text message, when he recalled that twisted deeply buried feeling within him after seeing you bruised and battered; like he ought to apologize and *mean it*.

But, he told himself, he did do that (minus the 'mean it' bit) and you threw it back into his face, mocking him even as you delighted in the protection your child had brought.

It took all of him not to wipe Derry of the map. If not for the fact that finding and cultivating a playpen like Derry is tiresomely tedious, he would have done so. Also because Eggy, for all her perfidy, might also fight back in your defence and he had enough of being bounced around like some bewitched ferret.

Yet, every time he tries to see you in Mikey's eyes, tries to savour your fear, it repels him. Once, he nearly asked the man because he's human, you're human and maybe he'd shed some light on this whole 'emotions' thing. Then Billy dropped by and he got distracted. But not distracted enough to notice ol' stuttering Bill had just met the only fan of his works in Derry: you. You, gushing like some empty-headed fan whore.

After that everything went into a tailspin – the revelation of the enfeeblement of his offspring, the strengthening of those disgusting bonds and the very fear that he might have miscalculated; the fear he could die.

He is becoming unbalanced and it's all your fault. And those Losers but mostly you. Your ungrateful ass for rejecting him and causing him to feel all these emotions unbefitting his status.

Yet when he saw you teetering dangerously in his lair, trying to steal his food for your child and then you fall, no anger or pleasure had followed.

It was fear, the same ones he felt in each of his victims as they die, and it's for you.

Fear of you dying, fading away like so many of the humans and his (non-existant) heart nearly breaks into two almost like…

…

NO.

Fuck.

No, no, no, *NO.* That's just – **NO.**

He does not do ***that.*** **NEVER.**

It was most certainly not, UGH, ***NO***. Ridiculous, fucking absurd, him and lo- ***NO.***

"Ah, my brother in love…" an imaginary Maturin floats past, smirking as he barfs away in his imaginary universe's imagination.

He gives that imaginary, but totally dead in real life, turtle, multiple fingers because that's just bloody absurd: **HE DOES NOT DO LOVE. HE CANNOT LOVE.**

Well, yeah, he loves cruelty and eating children but 'love' love? **NO.**

Never mind that he had been quite nice to your afterwards and even quite happy when you agreed to unblock his number. Never mind that he didn't have to ask, he's all powerful, what is an old backwards technology can compare to his powers. But he had *wanted* to ask you and was quite happy when you ag-*submitted* like that inferior creature you are at his benevolence. And it's because you agree-ahem, *submitted,* that he gave you that soft kiss and sent you home with his powers. Then finagled a month paid leave as well.

Because you finally submitted. Yeah. That's why.

And also because (shut up Maturin and ***stay fucking dead***)…Eggy, yes, EGGY. Yeah, his child's lights are bound to you and for as long as he would take his long sleep. Until then your child is semi-mortal and he needs you to be Eggy's meat-shield until she's powerful enough. And Eggy being attached to you (and biting him) means it would be difficult for him to watch over her *and* execute his revenge at the same time. Better you guard her while he ends the lives of those men and woman child.

You're just useful, that is all. And he like useful things. Yes. You are useful.

(He can hear Maturin laughing somewhere beyond the Macroverse)

It's just, ahahaha, okay, he's going to leave this train of thought. He banishes your life line and start to concentrate on a two new ones that had just passed by. New life come and go in Derry but these two are connected to a certain stuttering nerd and dear sweet Bevvie; Tommy Rogan, on a quest to find his ungrateful punching bag and lovely Audra, out of fear and suspicion of secrecy.

Weak and frail and so easy.

He smirks – yes, they would do.

14. Step 11: Bedtimes and Rescues

Author's Notes: Thank you so much for reviewing and liking my fic. I appreciate all of them.

Unaware of your former lover's evil plans, you try to focus on Eggy herself. You're aware that she won't conform to a human child's milestones, so you're at sea as to whether she's meeting the appropriate thresholds or not.

What you do know is this: she can't speak, not yet, opting to show her feelings with purrs and hums; she can walk and run, as your attempts to get her to bathe can attest and that she has teeth that can chew through human flesh and bones within seconds. Also, she can 'see', in a way. Despite having no eyes she's capable of walking unescorted, avoiding obstacles along the way. She also sniffs at things that catches her interest, although her face is devoid of a nose.

Your days are now filled with her crawling around, sniffing, touching and humming at whatever curiosity she finds.

And your daughter is ever curious.

The first few days of your paid leave is spent with following her roaming around the house. Examining every nook and cranny of her new home, holding things and experimenting them with her hands. You never worry about her wrecking your things, even when she nearly gave you a heart-attack because she somehow dismantled your prized Millennium Falcon Lego figure. The only reason why you didn't die on the spot was because she managed to set it back up in minutes; her fingers deftly attaching one piece to another until the jumbled mess from hell forms back into Millennium Falcon Mark II. Despite this, you told her to stick to your figurines and avoid things more complex, like the fridge or your car because hell no.

Then, there's question of outdoors. It was the first rule you set for her: never go outside, not without telling Mama. Since Eggy is still incapable of shapeshifting, you don't want to risk exposure. Even with Pennywise's power of manipulation, he'd be hard-pressed to

silence the very existence of Eggy if she's discovered, especially in today's world of social media. At best you can dismiss her as some sort of hoax, at worst you'd have to deal with curious sickos who would want to dissect her. Then you're going to have to kill them and you'd like a life free from actually murdering someone, association to a known serial-killer notwithstanding. You made it very clear that stepping outside is absolute forbidden and she has, so far, adhered to it.

That doesn't stop you from catching her peering outside from the window, her hands flat against the glass as she watched with eyeless eyes. You feel bad at forcing your daughter to stay indoors for an indefinite amount of time, but it's to keep her safe until she's strong enough. You are not looking forward to the time when Eggy will resent you for it and she will, because no creature likes being stuck in a cage, no matter how gilded.

Today, however, she comes over to you, holding one of your books in her hands. She tugs the hem of your shirt and cocks her head aside, her way of asking "What is this?"

"That's a book sweetheart, people write stories in them," you explain as you try the sewing machine again. While Eggy prefers being nude, she's prone to chills. At the moment the weather is still quite warm for the fall, but you'd rather not risk her freezing to death during winter. The problem is you are completely rubbish at sewing. It does not help that Eggy's torso is not exactly human shaped, being slightly long and her lower body elongated almost like a spider's butt. Your initial attempts had been disastrous and you are now resorting to starting from scratch. In the meantime, whenever Eggy gets chilly, you wrap her in a blanket. It is stop-gap however, and you wish you hadn't scoffed at your grandmother's attempt at teaching you how to sew a long time ago. Then again, nobody in your family would ever have guessed you'd sleep with an alien spider clown demon and create a child with him.

Maybe you can start asking online, couch the whole I need a baby sized clothes that fits eight limbs that's shaped like a pseudo-human spider hybrid, no questions asks! Etsy was a bust but maybe you can try a more exotic kind, like costume makers or something. You can hear your bank account whine because they are not going to come

cheap.

Fighting the urge to kick the machine away, you glare at the pieces of cloth on your table, trying to will it into becoming proper Eggy clothes.

Suddenly, you feel a gentle tug at your shirt again and you look down to find Eggy, holding out the book for you. She flaps the covers open and close and you stare for a while.

"Yeah, sweetheart?"

She flips over to the first page and holds it out to you.

Beauty and the Beast. It was your first book that you ever owned. Its cover's battered from your multiple readings and you can see your name, written in your scratchy childish scribe across the title. You remember your father's voice changing for each character; soft and kind for the heroine, shrilly for her shrewish sisters and a terrorizing growl for the cursed beast. He sucked at them of course, but you cherished those memories all the same.

A pang of sadness hits you, your father isn't here anymore and your mother, Jesus, you don't want to think about that bridge. So much is happening and so fast and you're falling apart because of *sewing* of all things and you're a mother with a reality-warping ex in the background and you can't fucking sew or even feed your kid properly because you don't want to have to kill!

You don't notice that you're shaking, until Eggy croons at you, clutching your hand and rubbing her head against your body. She mewls at you as you rub the tears from your eyes.

"Yeah, sorry, Mama's just, it's okay. I'm okay, sweetheart," you say, forcing yourself to calm down. Inwardly you want to scold yourself, you can't keep falling apart like that. You have a child now, you have to grow up and be strong for her. Because Pennywise is sure as hell isn't going to do that. God, you can't even imagine what sort of parental things he'd do…actually you can and it's crossing to the realm of the disturbing and you really, *really* wish you have a glass of wine now.

Your daughter gives a small giggle at your expression. Carefully, you take the book from her hands and slide away from the sewing machine down to the floor. Eggy crawls over to your lap as you prop the book your knees, letting her lean back into your embrace, her many arms wrapping around yours. Just like that your worries melts away, as you start the first lines of your old book:

"Once upon a time, there lived a merchant and his daughter, Beauty,"

Eggy purrs with contentment and you feel at that moment you can take over the world.

Unfortunately, you and contentment don't last long as you're about to finish the fairy tale, your doorbell rings.

At first it took you some time to realise that it is your doorbell because you seldom have visitors at this hour. Eggy follows your eyes as you stare at the door. You hope that it's not one of those salesmen or Jehovah Witnesses because you really don't want to get up from where you're sitting, so you keep quiet, hoping they'd go away.

But whoever it was, didn't and started knocking on your door instead.

"Miss [L/N]! It's me Bill, Bill Denbrough!"

Your head snaps up in shock. What the fuck? Bill Denbrough? At *your house?* What in world?

As though sensing your confusion, Eggy lets out a tiny hiss, tightening her grip around your arm. You pat her back to calm her down as Bill continues to pound at your door.

"P-p-please, I know you're at home! It's urgent!"

Confused and curious, you gently push Eggy of your lap, "Go to my closet – no, listen Eggy - and stay there until Mama comes back." Your daughter fidgets but you press her forward towards your bedroom closet. Once you're sure she has hidden herself well, you walk up the door. Taking a deep breath you swing it open to find Bill Denbrough knocking midway. He jolts in surprise.

"Miss [L/N]!" he cries out as he drops his arm to his side.

"Mr. Denbrough this is a surprise," you reply and give him a cursory glance. The man looks tired; his eyes are baggy and red, like he hadn't slept in days, his hair's a mess and there's a five o'clock shadow around his chin. He seems agitated and fights to calm himself as he looks at you. A rather tall man, with a serious expression stands behind him, eyeing everything suspiciously. Your wariness shoots up as you cling to your door like a shield.

"…and this is?" You ask the stranger. The man turns and gives you a faint smile, "The name's Ben, Ben Hanscom. I'm a friend of Bill's," he says, extending his hand to you. You shake it but still hold on to your door frame, wondering why the fuck is Bill Denbrough at your house with his friend of all things. A million reasons run through your mind, most of them edging towards mortal peril but you dismiss them, maybe it's something harmless…

"I – I'm s-s-s-sorry to disturbed you but your life's in d-d-danger!"

…or not.

You fight the urge to bang your head against the wall. This week is just getting better and better. Also, deep down you know this is all Pennywise's fault.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Denbrough –"

"Just Bill, please,"

"Okay, Bill, look you say that my life's in danger? I don't think –" you start but Bill puts up his hand to stop you, his face frowning as though everything hurts. Ben's hand falls on Bill's shoulders as the author looks up to you, his expression grim and hard. A chill runs up your spine as he stares at you and you're reminded of a man who must bear the weight of command, of a man who had faced death in face and lived and your words die in your mouth.

"We c-c-can't t-t-talk here, if you can just c-c-c-come with us, we'll e-e-e-explain everything," Bill stammers, "I know this s-s-sounds r-r-ridiculous but please, trust me."

You don't or you can't because this is all absurd and ridiculous and

you find your voice as your hands start closing the door.

"No, I – I'm sorry Bill but –"

Ben all but shouts the next words, pushing past his friend, "It, Pennywise is trying to kill you [Y/N]!"

You feel your eyes widen at the mention of Pennywise's name. Fuck – fuck you are right and holy shit these people know Penny – they know him and from the way Ben nearly spits his name, they know *what* he is.

"[Y/N], please we need to get you to a safe place!" Ben continues but you're not listening anymore; they know Pennywise, they *know!* Shit, shit, *Eggy* – you have to protect Eggy!

Unfortunately, you don't get to do much as you feel an extremely familiar coldness enveloping your body. You know this sensation; Eggy's draining you and you barely have enough time to turn around and make her stop as the world *tilts* and swirls and darkness consumes you.

Pennywise was tucking Bill's woman among his things when he received the panicky message from his child.

It was just a few words but it was enough to make him nearly drop the woman in his arms. From that height, it would be a miracle for her not to end up dead. Not that Audra's death would mean anything but he had been planning on playing with her while Billy-boy's forced to watch. He would have liked it if sweet Bevvy was here too, but Rogan's dumb enough to take a peek into his Deadlights and is now caught in madness to be of use to anyone.

'Dada! Mama's gone!'

There's a pain in his chest and the world is spinning but he breathes and it rights itself again. Eggy is scared, his child is scared enough that she had to resort to seeking him out. He thought that she might be exaggerating, a child's fear that, maybe, you're out of sight for a while and she mistook it as abandonment. He knows of it, had

feasted on plenty of children with that fear. But Eggy doesn't wait for his response as she sends over her memories.

He sees you telling her to hide as she answers the door. There were words exchanged and his blood freezes at that familiar voice. Though muffled since Eggy's listening from behind a door, he knows *that* voice no matter how stifled. Billy-boy is trying to warn you but something, somewhere along the way, went wrong.

It could have been that Eggy who panicked upon sensing your distress and accidentally drains you. He hears you fall and Bill and Ben's panicked voices.

"Shit, we have to –"

"We – take –"

He throws Audra into the pile, sticking her to his many victims. Anger surges through him. That fucking brat, how dare he, *how dare he?*

Instantly, he warps and teleports himself to your house but you are already gone. Eggy is curled up on the floor, crying for you and the sight of her like that makes his heart clench. She didn't even flinch when Pennywise sweeps her straight into his arms.

'Gone, gone, taken away,' she keens, her mind calling out to him.

"Hush, young one." He whispers, tucking her hair behind her ear. Your child whimpers, then wraps her arms around his neck, burying her face against his shoulders.

"Don't worry," he promises, "I'll save her."

15. Step 12: Stop Drinking Seriously

Author's Notes: I am cheating this chapter. A lot. It's because I couldn't write the whole post-faint scene correctly. So I may have...cheated, a lot. Also, thanks for the review!

In retrospect this whole scenario is absurd and you really shouldn't have placed yourself between Pennywise and the Losers' Club (minus two). But you want to get back to Eggy, want an end to this entire madness and also take a long, hot shower because being tossed around in the sewer is disgusting.

Bill, however, is still clutching poor catatonic Audra, flanked by his friends, each with a variety of weapons that you don't think even Pennywise can escape unscathed. Your ex-lover is glaring at you, his teeth bared and claws unsheathed as he growls obscenities at the group behind you.

Both sides have good reasons to loathe each other. Except Bill's side has the upper-moral ground and you're kind of playing the devil's advocate at the moment. But fucking damn it, you still care for Penny, if not for you then for Eggy's sake.

So, you opt for a bit of diplomacy. You sigh and turn to face the Losers' gang, "Look, I am sure that this is all a misunderstanding. That you didn't mean to 'kidnap' me, or use me as bait."

"Or called you that demon clown's slut." Pennywise snarls, glaring at Richie.

"Actually, I kind of deserved that," you say and Richie snorts.

"You *fucked* him, [Y/N]! For more than a year! Calling you a demon clown's slut is being nice." Richie spat, tightening his grip around the metal bat he had brought.

Goddamn it, nobody will let you live that down now, "Beep-beep Richie, I am trying to stop said demon clown from murdering you. Also, it was *less* than a year. And as I have said it, I deeply regret my

decision."

Pennywise snarls, offended, "That's not what you said all that time!"

"Penny, just shut up for once."

"How dare you, I came all the way here to save you and you dare insult me?"

You twist to face him, wishing you had something to hit him with. "I wouldn't need rescuing if it weren't for you!"

Your erstwhile lover roars, spraying his spit everywhere, "You, *ungrateful* bitch! I didn't have to come here but I did and you dare throw it back to my face!" he starts and something in you just *snaps* and because how dare *he*, here you are trying to save everybody's ass and he calls you ungrateful, this asshole little shit!

"You kept this from me! You told me you had this entire fucking town under control! That you're all fucking powerful and superior and all that shit! Now, I find out that you had your ass kicked six-ways to Sunday by *kids* and they made a pact to kill you! And they had been hunting you for months and you *kept it from me!"* you are yelling now, heedless of the looks on everyone else's faces.

"What I do in my life is my business you stupid chit! Now come here and I'll end these brats once and for all!"

"Bring it, you monster!" Beverly cries out, waving the iron bar in her hands, her eyes fierce. Her words seem to reinvigorate her friends as they ready themselves. Even Bill, after he placed Audra as far away from Pennywise as possible.

The air is thick with anger and you know one wrong move could spark a fire so terrible, nobody can douse it. You see the hatred in everyone's eyes and God fucking damn it, will everyone stop trying to kill each other?

In an act of desperation (or stupidity), you open up your arms as though you're trying to shield each faction from each other. But you hear someone screaming, followed by the sound of a gunshot and then, all hell breaks loose.

You feel Pennywise gripping your shoulder and tossing you behind him; landing in a heap, you see nothing else but blurs of silver and red and sounds of roars, water and bones hitting each other. Everything is happening so fast, you barely register Eggy pulling you away. As you watch as enemies duke it out, all you can think is this: god, how did it end this way?

Then you remember…

Earlier that day…

"So, let me get this straight. You beat this creature twenty-seven years ago, while you were still kids?"

"Yes. We didn't fear him then so he had no power over us."

"Barely into puberty?"

"…yes?"

"Fuck, hahaha, fuck, holy shit. You know what? I need a drink."

Bill sighs, "Look, I know it sounds r-r-ridiculous but it's true,"

"What, no, Bill, I believe you. *Completely*. Just that I thought I was alone, you know. And now I find out that he's also haunting you and that he got his ass kicked by a bunch of barely into puberty teenagers."

"Well, yeah…"

"So? I need a drink. A whisky or vodka or both, oh hey, is that a merlot?"

"You know, Edds, she's taking this whole thing quite well."

"Richie, she just starting crying about 'Eggy' and I'm not sure but it sounds like she may have left a pet spider at home or that she's obsessed about eggs."

"You think It got to her before we did?"

"Nah, she's just drunk. Hell, I wish I'm drunk right now but we can't risk it. Not after what happened…"

"I don't regret breaking my arm."

"You keep saying that –"

"And I mean it."

"I have to get back."

"I don't think so, [Y/N], we can't risk it."

"No, no, I have to, I have to protect Eggy."

"Eggy? Is that your pet?"

"No, Beverly, she's like, my life. I have to go home."

Beverly barely catches you as you stagger around the hotel room.

"Look, Beverly, Bev, I have to – I have to get back to my baby. I have to –"

"I'm sorry but we can't do that. He attacks us when we're separated and alone. Just wait until Bill and the guys find out where he's hiding -"

"What? Sis, he's in the sewers."

Heads snap up at your direction. Something, the sober part of you is screaming for you to stop. Alas, you are still drunk. Bill strides up to you, his expression shocked.

"Are you certain?"

"Yeah, the sewers near the Barrens. He has this whole mountain of crap and limbs and oh God, pass me that bottle will you?"

Someone hisses, and plucks the nearest wine bottle from your hands,

and you hear Ben speak with increasing horror, "The sewers…the damn sewers. The stage and the bodies…"

"I remember, I-I was 'floating' and you, you kissed me," Beverly says, her voice going soft at the end.

"January embers…" Ben whispers.

Beverly replies, "My heart burns there too." And you wonder what the means because it sounds romantic and sweet, but Bill grabs you by the shoulders, his eyes piercing through you.

"And you *knew?* All this time?" He has such pretty eyes.

"What? I thought you knew. You said you kicked his ass at his lair."

The author frowns, clutching his head, "Yes but I, it feels like it's fuzzy. Almost like –"

"Everything's fading away, forgotten…just like what Mike had said." Eddie mutters, holding his arm cast. "We defeated him but all the details are missing…"

"But now I remember, the sewers. The Neibolt house…it's coming back." Beverly adds, her eyes staring at something past you.

"Audra…" Billy says, "She's there. I know she is."

Completely missing the tone of the whole conversation was you of course.

"Yeah, also, it's nice and all but I have to get back to Eggy –"

"Your pet can wait. That thing has my wife!"

"Look, Bill, we don't know –"

"No, Ben. I know he has my wife. I know it in my guts! Get ready, we're going there –"

"Bill, we –"

"NOW."

"…let me get this straight: you found him while drunk and you…"

"Banged him? Yup."

Someone was making a wretched sound as though they are caught between horrified and amused but mostly horrified.

"What the hell, that's just, girl that's just fucking *nasty*." You think that's Richie or his twin's head Bitchy, you're not sure. Everything is spinning and your sober self is screaming and you wish she'd shut the fuck up already.

"Look, I was drunk and I deeply regret it. Also, don't worry, I dumped his clown ass."

Eddie lets out a shocked gasp, "Oh my god, Mike said –"

"'She dumped me.' '*She dumped me.'* Holy shit, I didn't think he meant it *that* way." Richie exclaim.

"How are you even alive?" Eddie blurts out, staring at you like you've grown seven heads.

"I just, I don't know." You lie because even in the midst of drunkenness and sobriety, you know not to mention Eggy.

Beverly gives you a suspicious look but you clam up, feeling the light-headedness fading away as your brain slowly kick-starts your common sense functions.

"Does he even have a cock down there? Like a 'clock'? Is it even white or is it striped like a candy cane?" Richie asks as Eddie slap his unbroken hand across his mouth.

"Beep, beep, Richie. Nobody wants to know!"

Richie shoves Eddie's hands away, "But we have too, *for science!"*

"Actually it's…" you start but this time Bill slaps his hand over your mouth.

"Tie and gag her." Bill ordered, ignoring your scowl, "Just do it, Richie."

Back to the present, you feel like slamming your head against the wall.

Fuck, this is all your fault. God fucking damn it, when will you learn not to turn to drink when face with stressed out situations?

The only good that ever came out of that is Eggy. Your daughter clings to you, keening and crooning as you back away from the free for all melee in front of you. Something in you clicks and you grab her and run.

Sounds of screams and roars fade behind you. Right now, only one thing matters: keep Eggy safe. The sewers are dark, except for the occasional light spots, you are running on instinct now with Eggy, weeping and keening around your chest. Your legs move as though they know where they are going. Once in a while you look behind and you ignore the twist in your heart that tells you that you are abandoning him. Part of you wants to run back, to protect but you can't. Your daughter is priority now.

You glance back once more and then the whole world turns upside down.

At some point the sewers melt away and you let out a scream as the darkness bleeds and fades to show…

…the goddamn universe.

Gone were the round tunnels and black water under your feet. Even the stench of rot and decay is gone. Stars stretch before you, born and dying in front of your eyes. Warmth and cold play around your skin, as the universe dance and sing around you. Eggy is silent and still, her hands clutching you tightly.

Before you can comprehend what the hell is happening, you see him.

He of the enormous girth. Who loves the land and loves the sea and even loves a child like you.

"Hello, [Y/N]."

"Maturin."

16. Step 13: Embrace Your New Life

Author's Note: Maturin is OOC here. Because of crack reasons. Also, I may be finishing this story in a couple of more chapters. Then, I will be doing some one-shots focusing on Reader and Pennywise's relationship. It'll crack but fluffy. I can't believe that this is my first ever multi-chapter fic that reached this far and with an ending in mind to boot! Love all of you!

Maturin is vast and wide in front of you and yet you feel as though he's unburdened. Like whatever weight he had to carry when you had met him is now, gone. There's a lightness to him, a sort of mischief that was not there before.

He smiles at your gob smacked expression.

"I thought you're…"

"Dead? Oh, I am. But death is different for you and me. Consider myself a spirit in your terms."

"O…kay."

The turtle chuckles, then gives a wrinkly smile to the child clinging to you.

"Hello, young one, I have not forgotten about you."

Eggy purrs and then detaches herself from you, you make to grab her but she bounces (somehow) towards Maturin, crooning and humming around one of his ginormous legs. The turtle gently nudges her as Eggy rubs her head against him. You don't know if physics is taking a holiday but for all his vastness, he looks smaller, somehow. Yet, there's a warmth in your heart as you take in the view and for a while you forget why you're there.

Until you hear a shriek and everyone stops to listen.

You hear him, Pennywise and he sounds…*terrified.* You turn towards Maturin but gives you a sad look and your heart twists and suddenly

you know *why*.

"They are going to defeat him, aren't they?"

"Yes." He says quietly. "The motions have been set and he will fall this time. Then this door will be closed to him, forever."

You wait for the relief to come, to know that he won't be darkening your doorsteps anymore, that finally you and Eggy will be safe.

It does not.

"Then why am I not…relieved?"

A sad look crosses his face, "Because in a way you care and so does he. Though my brother would not admit it."

"But the killings will stop and that's good, right?" You say, trying to reason with yourself.

"His killings yes and perhaps Derry will heal and move on. But that's not why you're here." Maturin says, looking down upon Eggy. Your child is still and there's something in the way she's staring at you that sends a chill up your spine.

"Eggy?"

You child stares back at Maturin and they seem to hum in a language you cannot decipher. For a moment you're locked out as they two communicate, ignoring your questions, until finally their words cease and Maturin gently shoves Eggy back to you. Your child saunters back to you and jumps back into your arms.

"What? What's going on?"

"A promise."

"What? What promise? Maturin?" you ask as the universe begins to whirl and tilt, as your body begins to return to the physical plane. You hear him laugh, softly.

"Consider this payback for calling me lazy and stupid all those times.

Farewell, [Y/N] and you too, young one. Let us meet again in better fortunes."

The darkness fades and you swear that you see, for a briefest moment, Bill Denbrough flying by before the world rights itself and you find yourself back at home.

It was halfway through flinging Billy-boy half-way across the universe that Pennywise starts to realise that maybe, just, fucking maybe, he is going to lose.

He had begged, he started to beg and he couldn't even think about his pride because as Beverly swings the metal chain right into his bruised torso, he knows he's going to lose. And just after he had reconciled with you – well, not fully but *still*.

He offers them fame, fortune, longevity but these brats, these horrific brats refuse and keep beating him, each blow as cruel as the next. That trash-mouth even have the audacity to make jokes as he lay there, feeling every part of his deadlights dimming. Then, Billy returns, his will set and the man-boy plunges his hand into his chest and Pennywise shrieks.

He tries pushing them away but Billy holds on until his hands wraps itself around his heart and he tears it away from him.

Pennywise sees his heart, the flickers of his deadlights, he cries out with one last song as Billy tightens his grip and crushes his heart.

Death, a friend so old, caresses him and as this world closes its doors, he thought he could hear you and your child…

'Dada?'

Silly child…and yet not really. He will miss you, both of you and he regrets that it takes this for him to realise it.

He does not hear anymore and allows himself to float.

'Mr. Turtle?'

'Yes, young one?'

'I'd like a happy ending.'

'Me too, child, me too.'

Time is meaningless now.

He's no longer what he is. He's back to the before, where the towers rose and the pillars guard and he is but one of many. An eternity passes and then slowly, ever so slowly, he begins to feel. For not all of him is vanquished.

A soft cry echoes through the universe, unheard by many, except him. Lights, young and fragile, purrs and hums as it reaches him.

Let there be light! It seems to say and lo, he is so.

The cry fades away but he follows and then, he sees.

There are doors and dreams, infinite possibilities and he sees them all but he seeks the one that's closed to him.

He sees it, sealed and shut and yet…

…there!

A tiniest of cracks, the sweetest of songs.

He reaches out for it, echoing the hum, the song and then he feels it.

Laws and rules binds him as his deadlights thrums once more, burning bright with life and madness, as he feels all the senses: touch, sight, taste, smell and sounds and it overwhelms him.

He feels the water under him, the stench of rot and decay, soft dimness in his eyes, the sounds of his ragged breath.

He breathes like it's his first and then, slowly, he starts to laugh.

He's *alive.*

The sewer echoes his cackle as he jumps and hoots. He's alive and back, even after that final battle, he's still standing and it's all thanks to his child. He dances in the waters, so euphoric that he does not care that his lair is ruined or that his food are all rotting and infested with maggots. He did not know whether it would have worked or not, especially since your child had chosen your side, but it did. Just a fragile connection, of father and child and he's back.

And this time, he will kill them all. No more waiting and no more games. As soon as he sees them, he will snap their necks until they are dead. True, he won't be able to torture them but it's a sacrifice he's willing to make.

But first, a snack and then a visit to your home. He bets that you're down in grief or something emotional like that and it just wouldn't do for him to not drop by and cheer you up. Right after scaring you, of course, because he can't believe you scolded him the last time. In front of those Losers too! You need a lesson there. He'd be gentle, yes, but not so that you'd forget who you're dealing with.

Smirking, thinking of how to best scare you, Pennywise waves his hand and readies to teleport when…

…absolutely nothing happens.

"?"

He goes in, trying to feel the world and…he freezes. He did not notice it at first, too exultant at his return that he failed to note that he feels…small. Constricted. Also, that he's very much naked. No clothes comes forth, not when he imagines himself to be. It's like…

"No." he whispers to himself, a dread building in him. He looks down to the water but it's too murky, so he stomps up to the stage he calls home. It takes him a while, because the door refuses to open at his command and he's forced to use his hands. They tremble as it swings open to reveal the inside. No light comes at his command and it is with great difficulty he searches for a mirror. When he finds it, he runs outside towards the dim spot of light in the middle of the lair.

He angles the glass towards the light and he wishes with all his might

that it would not show him what he thinks it is.

Then, he sees it: a pale face, but not unnatural white, copper hair lank and dull and eyes amber – *not yellow* – hued and a face gaunt and sharp bearing an expression, that's extremely human.

He shuts his eyes, willing it go away, to fade and change but as he opens back, the face remains the same.

With a yell, he throws the mirror against the wall and lets out an anguished scream.

Miles away, Eggy wakes with a start.

For a moment, she's confused but then she hears it again. His cries of agony and disbelief. She smiles to herself, knowing that a promise had been fulfilled. Nuzzling against your chest, she closes her eyes and start to dream of better things. Her last thoughts for the night:

'Dada's back.'

17. Final Step: Moving On

Author's Notes: A double update. This chapter and the epilogue.

The days after felt like a fever dream.

You recall rushing back to the Barrens, driving like a maniac and probably breaking so many laws along the way. But halfway, a sharp pain strikes your heart and you pull over the shoulder of the road, clutching your chest as the pain rolls over you like waves on a beach. You know of this pain – his pain and even as Eggy keens over you, touching you again and again, it does not ebb until as sudden as it came, the pain vanishes.

Deep down you know that there's no need for you to go there but you went anyway, because part of you refuses to believe and the other because you want to.

By the time you reached there, the Losers have already gone. You don't blame them, you had heard enough from them to know that they had every right to do what they did. But you're glad you didn't meet them, because at that moment your emotions are such a wreck you don't think you can stop yourself. Even if it's stupid and that he deserved everything that happened.

Your footsteps sound like a dirge the closer you reached his lair, dotted with splashes of water and drips of liquids all over your face. You don't dare call out his name.

A small voice in your head questions you, why? Why find him? He had been cruel to you, toying you in this relationship of imbalance and unfairness. But you recall the good times, those moments of softness he had shown, the child within the monster and you are overwhelmed with the urge to grant him forgiveness and wanting more.

You want him.

The lair opens to you and you knew, as soon as you see the scattered

limbs and the eerie silence, the lack of floating: he's gone.

The door's closed.

Your emotions runs over (joy, pain, sadness, everything) until finally you break down and cry.

You see them – Bill, Beverly, Ben, Eddie and Richie – around town. Surprisingly, you don't feel anger towards them, just relieved that they are alive and well. Even though when you greet them, they respond with a vague look, of one who recalls you but can't put their finger on it.

Even Mike. You visited him once, because you feel bad for the man who was tortured the most under Pennywise. You bring him flowers and though it took him a while but he remembers you.

"The woman who dumped him." He says kindly and you smile for the first time since then. Odd he remembers you, though you've never met. He just waves it, saying that Richie had shown him your photo when he awoke, before the man himself starts to forget. You had a feeling Richie called you something else, but Mike is polite enough not to.

"Very hard to forget a woman who slept with It. Not that I blame you, It's known to fuck with your mind. Make you forget…" he says and you nod, letting him believe that. "I just wish we all didn't need to forget." He adds wistfully.

"Why, though, why do you think we're forgetting?" asking the question you know the answer too.

Mike gives you a considering look, "I think because it's the only way we can move on. Something like that…well, to be frank, there are things I'm glad I'd be able to forget." He says, lifting his broken arm, touching the scars that are fading even as you stare at them.

"I try to write it down. What happened, but the ink doesn't want to stay. I even recorded a video but when I look back it's gone. It's getting hard to even remember my friends," his voice breaks there

but a determined expression replaces it, "Soon, this town will no longer need a lighthouse keeper and we can all move on."

You think of Eggy, you think of her that looks like him and like you and you know you're probably the only person who won't be able too.

Mike pats your hand, as though he could read your mind.

"You take care, okay, [Y/N]?"

The next time you visit him he no longer recognises you and you pretend that you got the wrong room.

You ask Eggy what Maturin had meant, all those time ago. But she's silent about it. Sometimes you wish that you'd dream of him and his brother but alas, your sleep are most often odd and bland and never about them. Not even a hint of the red balloons and that sing-song laugh or the turtle with the enormous girth.

If Eggy knows, it's probably because she could not tell you. Not in her way. Or she does not want to.

So you wait.

All but Mike left in the end, even Bill – who made a splash in the news for a while for riding his old bike downtown and nearly caused an accident. Apparently, he rode his bike through a busy junction with Audra clinging to him, yelling "Hi-ho, Silver! Away!" A few people wondered if he was drunk or on drugs but you know why. The photo of Audra smiling widely at her husband tells you all.

It's like a closure for everyone…but you of course.

And you don't mind it. You fucked the devil and you're raising his child. Albeit said devil child is sweet and just utterly perfect in every way. You don't mind being the only person in Derry to remember the horror that rises every twenty-seven years, the one that devours children and brings untold grief to the people in town. This is your punishment and you'll take it, without an ounce of drink to drown you.

Except for one thing; the elephant in the room. The nagging question that's been prodding you since the whole incident occurred.

Namely, how the hell are you going to provide Eggy with human flesh?

Despite your breakdown in the sewers, you had managed to grab a few dead limbs and place it in your abandoned cooler from your previous attempt to bring home. But there's not much left now and you know sooner or later you're going to have too…

You don't even finish that thought, wishing that you could drown in drinks because holy fucking shit. You had toyed with the idea of killing people who deserve it, like rapist or abusive assholes but you're a small woman who could barely run a block, much less murder someone. You're not Dexter Morgan thank you very much.

So you try animal meat. Which you should have done before feeding her human flesh but hindsight is 20/20 (and viewed sober).

Eggy, bless her, tries but the meat you buy from the supermarket did nothing for her, judging from the way she vomited them back out. She gives you a hint (via telepathy) that it had to be super-fresh and tainted with fear. Or at least some kind of emotion beyond, 'oh I'm dead now'/ 'am hungry'/ 'must breed, must fuck' which apparently was something most animals sold in the supermarket had felt when they were slaughtered.

Well, you learn something new.

Then you see her eyeing your neighbour's dog and the occasional stray cat crossing your street like you would a free buffet meal.

…and you realise that you're fine with that. Because hey, there's a lot of those roaming around without owners and they are free, also they are not humans and you can live with that. You make yourself live with that.

Long story short, it works. Eggy seems satisfied enough to not lay flat around the house, keening in hunger. And you have succeeded in culling the stray animal population of Derry. *And* best of all, you

didn't even do it drunk because catching a cat or a dog with alcohol in you is damn hard. It's like they can *sense* Eggy, even when you're trying to tempt them with food miles away from home.

At least you don't have to scare and kill them personally because Eggy has *that* down to pat.

She'd watch you drag the animal in, trying your best to wrangle them without injuring yourself, pulling them towards the makeshift metal collar you bought and set up inside your (former) guest room. As soon as you have them shackled down, she'd slip in, in that graceful predatory slink that reminds you of her father. Her tongue licking in anticipation.

You close the door and blast the music loudly to drown the shrieks, the sounds of bones snapping and muscles torn away. They always last a song.

When done, Eggy would knock gently at the door, asking to be let out. She's clean though and no matter how big the animal is, she left no blood or bones behind. Not even on her face. Still, you do make her take a bath, if only because you want to be extra sure. She doesn't like it but you're her mother and you make the rules. Even if reinforcing said rules meant you're chasing her around your bathroom with a detached shower head.

Knowing that at least you don't have to murder someone does lift a weight of your shoulders. Even if there are still burdened bridges for you to cross, like your mother, Eggy's confinement, whatever the hell Maturin and Eggy had promised, or where you're going to find the next animal for Eggy to feed.

But, like your former therapist once said, take your day one step at a time. Breathe and live, you've got to crawl before you walk.

So you do.

One year passed since Pennywise met his demise on the hands of the Losers' Club. You're back at work, Eggy's at home safely tucked away with toys and books for company, a plus of having a kid with half-

alien genes, you guess, able to cross the learning threshold faster. You bought her a phone for emergencies but like most children, she uses it to watch YouTube videos, horror being her favourite (unsurprisingly) followed by circus videos, because of course she likes the circus. Sometimes you'd glance at yours half-hoping a certain number would text you dank memes.

It has been months since you stopped making visits to the Barrens or even the Neibolt house. Months since you last stood in front of that door and sewer entrance, hoping, waiting. Months since you stop running up to random clowns calling out his name, snapping your head at any signs of a red balloon.

Months now.

You have a routine and a life and…a contentment that comes from having moved on.

You woke that morning after Eggy – which is strange because your daughter sleeps harder than a rock and *loathes* early mornings. Yet, before you could slam your alarm shut, she's up, already purring and humming with joy, being especially affectionate.

"Well, had a nice dream, sweetheart?" you ask even as she curls around your body, vibrating with happiness. Normally, she'd tell you via telepathy what she's feeling but she gives you a mischievous smile instead. It's one reserved for when she thinks she has the upper-hand at avoiding bath time. Which she never does by the way.

You drag her to the bathroom and she follows docilely, rare but happens. Peaceful start for the day. Eggy bounces around the living room, knocking her toys around while you're making breakfast when someone rings your doorbell.

No, not ringing, *jamming* the poor thing.

You would have ignored it, thinking it's probably another asshole playing the doorbell prank on you, when you notice Eggy dashing towards the door. You drop your spatula and practically bolt towards her, calling out her name but your daughter ignores you and with a graceful hop, leaps up, unlocks your door and swings it open.

Your heart seizes, trying to think of a million excuses and lies as you grab your child and push her behind you, your mouth ready for words when you stop and stare at the person behind said door.

There's a naked man at your doorstep.

"[Y/N]!"

You slam the door shut…because what else are you supposed to do when there's a *naked man* at your doorsteps?

Eggy is laughing behind you, tugging your shirt because what – why? She grins at you, pointing her finger at the door being pounded by what sounds like a hungry zombie.

"[Y/N]! It's me! Let me in! Please! I can explain!"

You stare at the door, wondering why aren't you calling the cops and you feel that hope, that awful hope blossoming in your chest and you want to crush it because you don't want to –

"[Y/N]! Please! I know you can hear me! I'm a – I can't even explain that bit, but I'm alive and today *sucks* [Y/N]! I got chased by this squirrel! *A squirrel!* – "

Your daughter tugs your shirt again and you look at her, wishing, hoping and she beams and says those magical words that you'd never thought you'd hear ever again.

"Dada."

You nearly tear the door of its hinges and he slams right into you as you both land in a heap on the floor. You can't believe you'd actually miss that sewer smell, but as he clings to you, you realise you absolutely do.

"[Y/N]! [Y/N]! You won't believe what just happened! I'm stuck! I'm human and everything *sucks! It sucks!* And…" and he babbles whatever he babbled as you pull him in, closing the door behind you.

He's still taller than you still but he looks like him only…stripped. True he still has that strange amber eyes, long copper hair brushing

his shoulders, those pouty lips. But he's deprived of his makeup and looks all too human and all too vulnerable. Even his voice is less raspy and sounds like what an adult man sounds like. Yet, despite your initial shock, you know it's him.

"I miss you."

He freezes, still clinging to you and suddenly, his arms tightens around you as he buries his face against your shoulder, and you hear something you'd never thought you'd hear from him.

Sniffs.

"Aww…" you coo, rubbing his back as he starts sobbing.

"Sh-shut up. I'm just, I can't b-b-believe it but I miss you too and it's all this human emotions, all over - Today is horrible and I-I'm human and I got chased today and it *sucks so bad,* [Y/N]!"

That's how you start your day with a human Pennywise clinging to you as you hold on to each other. Eventually he loosens his grip on you and grasps Eggy like she's his lifeline.

You think of how, once more, life throws you a curve ball and another bridge to cross and you find yourself not minding it, not one bit. He's back and your family feels complete for the first time.

A happy ending, sort of.

"Thanks, Maturin."

18. Epilogue

It all started sometime ago with an egg, a demon clown and a glass of wine.

It ended with said eggy hatching, a demon clown turned human and a lot of glasses of wine.

It's not a complete happy ending, not when you see Mike Hanlon while he's still wondering who you are. Yet you greet the man all the same and in some ways you become something more of an acquaintance but not really a friend. Penny avoids him, if only because you warned him too.

The Losers' Club went their own separate ways, although Eddie and Richie remain partners in crime onscreen and off, Ben and Bev got married and are expecting while Bill and Audra continue defying Hollywood's expectations and remain happily together. Sometimes you hear from Mike saying that they'd reunite once in a while, despite not remembering quite as to why they should. You send a wish to Maturin that they'd all become the club once more, with fresher, kinder memories to begin with this time.

In the years that follows a lot of things happened. Pennywise tries to get used to being somewhat human. Maturin's name is taboo to him now, even when he accepts his punishment with extreme reluctance. He's bound to this plane as a human man but it does not mean he doesn't try to exploit loopholes that he can find.

Eggy eventually chooses a human name, although she prefers to go by 'Eggy' and learns to shapeshift under her father's (envious) supervision. She eventually outgrew her need for human flesh, although not so animal meat and Derry is one of the few towns in the US that has a very low stray population. At one point she caught a deer and it was awesome.

You eventually introduced your mother to your new family. It ended in a wedding that's a saga on its own. Also, Pennywise made a new frenemy because of course he does.

So here we are at the conclusion of this fic but not really…for one day you wake up with a horrific nausea at the back of your throat.

You remember Penny holding your hair back and patting you back as everything you ate comes hurtling out into the toilet bowl. You must have puked your guts out when Penny hums and wraps his arms around you aching belly.

"Awww, is my poor sweetie, sick?" he coos as he nuzzles you cheek.

"Must be (hurk) your cooking last night," you shoot back, leaning back into his chest as you shut your eyes because why is everything so fucking bright.

"Hm, looks like you're not going to be able to finish that wine I bought you. Well, not for a long time anyway." He smirks as you turn and slowly open your eyes at him.

He grins as comprehension dawns on you.

"…what."

"Aww, [Y/N], looks like you and I made another baby! Isn't this exciting?"

The End.

Author's Notes:

...and that's that for my fanfic! It has been an amazing journey y'all! If you told me months ago that I'd be swimming in the sewers being obsessed with Pennywise I'd think I'd gone crazy! But here I am floating with all of you clownlovers! I will be doing some one-shots for this universe, mostly dealing with life pre and post Eggy. It may involve weddings, crazy in-laws and Halloween shenanigans. I'll also be going back to fix grammatical mistakes and so forth in the future as well.

As for the future I'll answer a few questions that you may be wondering. Yes, Pennywise will regain his powers again but it will be

some time in the future, long after reader's gone. Eggy and him will become Devourers, with Eggy being in a friendly type relations with Maturin's replacement and Pennywise being...less hostile to said guardian.

But this is just my headcanons, you all can imagine whatever you like because hey, reader's you!

Thank you so much everyone for reading! This is like one of my favourite fandoms! Enjoy!